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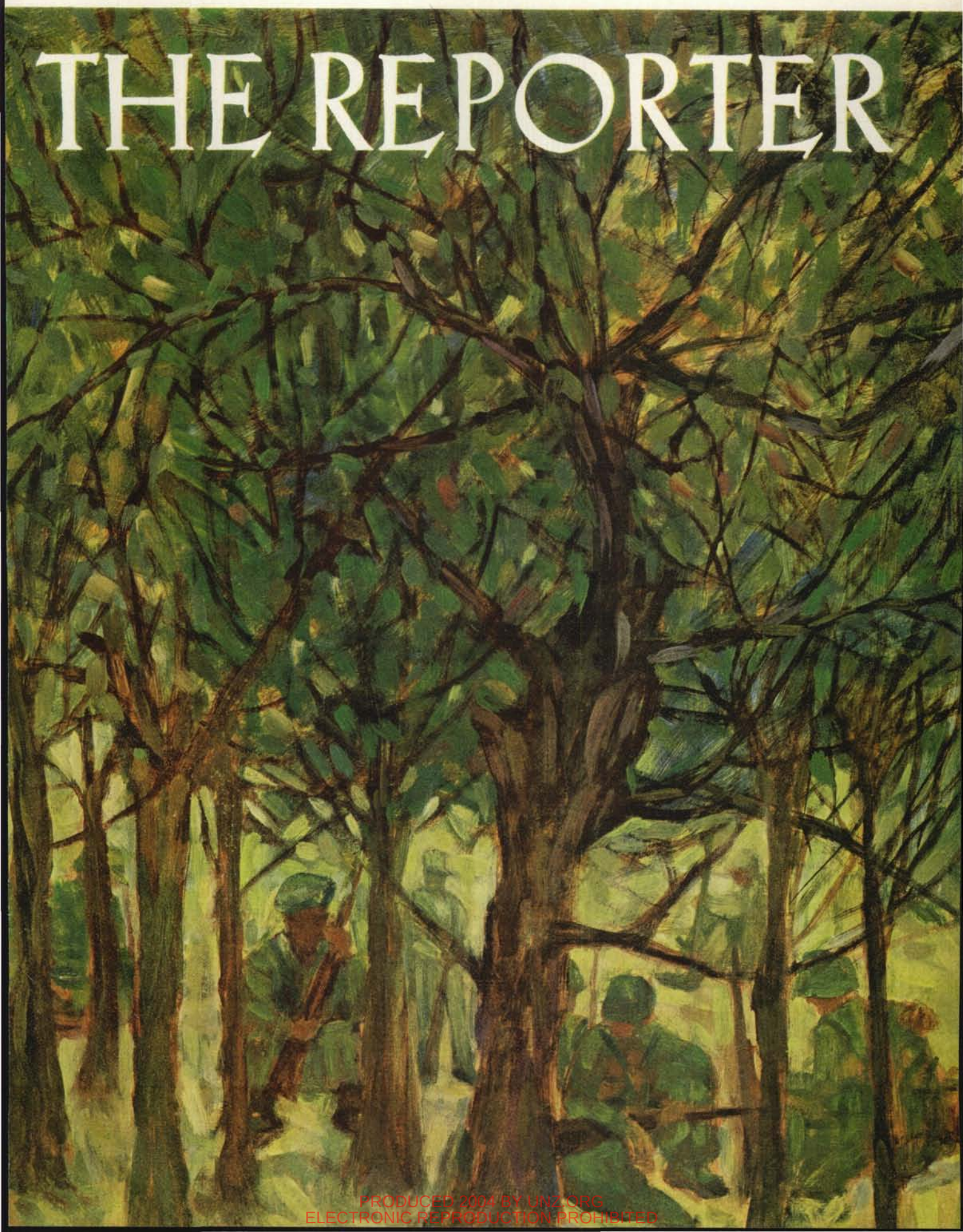

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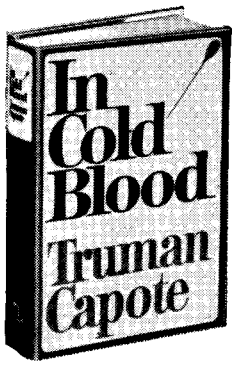

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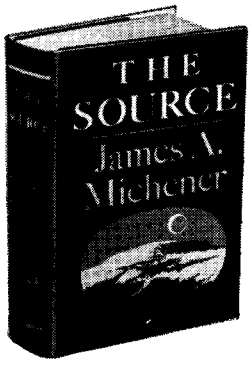

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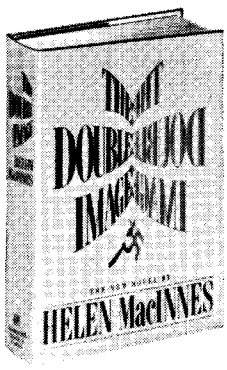

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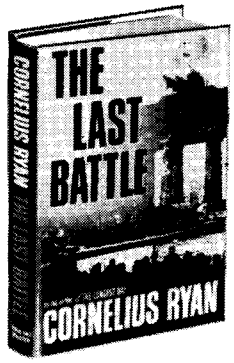

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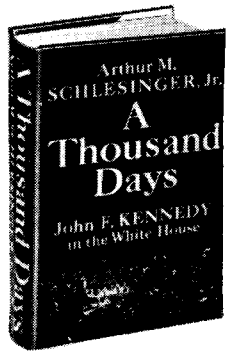

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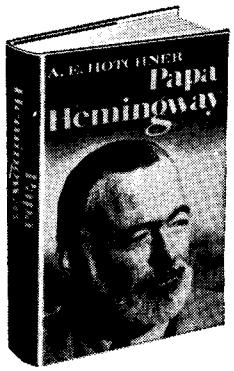

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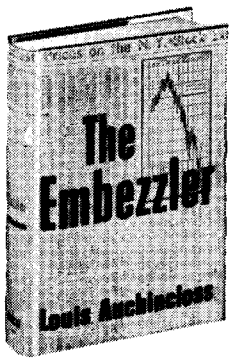

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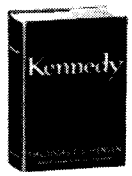

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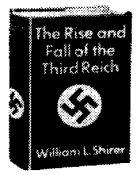

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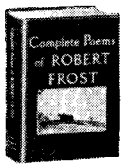

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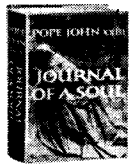

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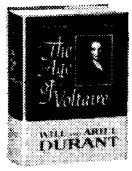

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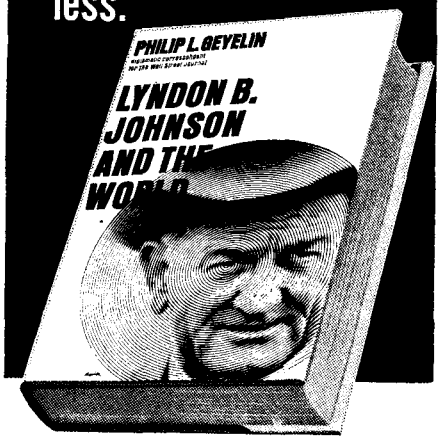

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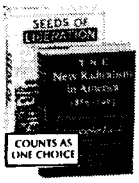

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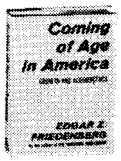

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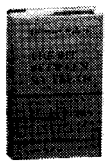

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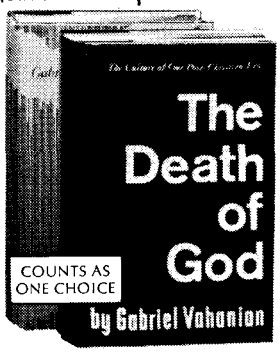

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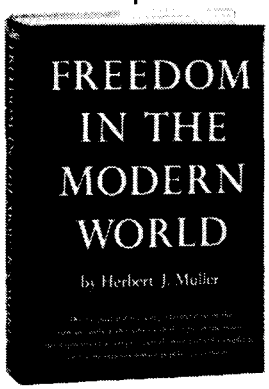

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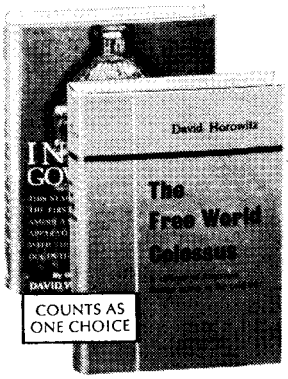

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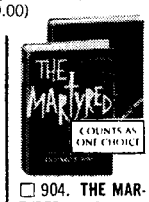

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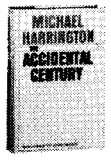

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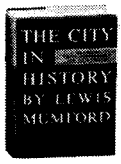

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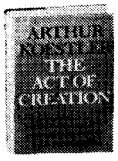

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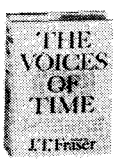

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE RECENT military victories of U.S. troops in Vietnam do not make up for the fact that the political situation in Saigon remains precarious. **Denis Warner,** who has observed the conflict in Indo-China on frequent visits over the past sixteen years, has come to some drastic conclusions as to the state of the war and our relations with the South Vietnamese government. His own recommendations will cause controversy, but there can be no question that the situation he describes requires major policy decisions. . . . One solution for Vietnam that has had a siren lure for many is the call for a return to the Geneva Agreements of 1954. **Victor Bator** analyzes the Geneva documents to show why they are totally inapplicable today and why any new conference must include all the powers —East and West, great and small— that are involved in the changing balance of power in Asia. Mr. Bator is the author of *Vietnam, A Diplomatic Tragedy: The Origins of U.S. Involvement* (Oceana Publications, 1965). . . . In Europe, the patterns of power and diplomacy are changing too, but they still center on the German problem. In a candid personal interview, Konrad Adenauer gave **George Bailey** his reflections on the Europe he did so much to shape.

SINCE the Port of New York Authority, the first of the great autonomous metropolitan transportation agencies, was created in 1921, its power and influence have grown enormously. But in the P.A.'s plans to build a billion-dollar World Trade Center in lower Manhattan, it has come in direct collision with the administration of Mayor John Lindsay; the outcome, soon to be decided, will have a great influence on the future of the city. **Edward T. Chase** is a former consultant to the New York City Planning Commission. . . . **Fernando Krahn** has an observation for the season's ocean travelers. . . . For more than two centuries the Rock of Gibraltar has been the very symbol of British power. Even since the war, while other colonies and possessions have been unloaded wholesale, the Rock has remained inviolably British. As Britain's influence in Europe has declined, however, that of Spain has grown, and nothing illustrates this more dramatically than the British decision to discuss unconditionally the future of Gibraltar in a conference between the two countries now proceeding in London. **Noel Mostert** is a free-lance writer based in London. . . . It is estimated that almost $5 billion of the Federal budget for fiscal 1967 will go to higher education programs. Inevitably with such sums at stake, "university lobbyists" have appeared on the Washington scene. **Mark Levy,** a political analyst with NBC News, reports on the phenomenon.

AMONG the many books available in this country by the British novelist and critic **John Wain** are *Travelling Woman* (St. Martin's), and *Hurry On Down* (Compass paperback). . . . **Parker H. Kendall,** who teaches at North Babylon High School on Long Island, has had occasion to meditate somewhat balefully upon the fact that even high-speed reading techniques are not sufficient to keep up with the vast outpouring of reading matter being churned out these days. . . . **Andrew M. Greeley,** a Roman Catholic priest and sociologist, is affiliated with the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, and is the author of *Religion and Career* and *Letters to Nancy* (both Sheed & Ward). . . . **Malcolm Bradbury,** whose *Eating People Is Wrong* is published by Knopf, is currently at the Davis campus of the University of California. . . . **John Alexander Allen** teaches at Hollins College in Virginia. . . . **Marcus Klein** is a faculty member of the State University of New York at Buffalo, and is the author of a study of recent American fiction, *After Alienation* (Meridian paperback). . . . **Hennig Cohen** edits the *American Quarterly* from the University of Pennsylvania, where he is a member of the Department of English.

Our Vietnamese cover is by **Rocco Negro.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE DEMOCRATS

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield is a very good reporter and she properly concentrates on the hazards and shortcomings that the Democrats manifest ("LBJ and the Democrats," *The Reporter*, June 2).

In the short run, it is really not much to be wondered at. Incumbent Presidents have always downgraded the party—mistakenly I think, but with some extenuating circumstances. President Johnson has had such phenomenal success in Congress and has such uncommon Congressional support, it is not surprising that he turns so much of his attention in this direction. His broad and aggressive program has had such wide appeal to the public that party channels often seem too narrow and shallow to bother with. The staff of the National Committee is doing more work than ever before in support of the election, but not always involving organized party work.

But even here, some new directions have been taken in the support of programs, some new emphasis on small contributions, and some concern over publicity devices.

The big story about the Democratic Party is long-term. It represents an asset that is not widely utilized and broadly developed. It could be many times as effective as at present. However, it requires more input than it is receiving in order to develop greater output. Perhaps as we approach '68 there will be increased recognition of the utility and the possibility of the party.

NEIL STAEBLER
Ann Arbor, Michigan

DOMINICAN ELECTIONS

To the Editor: I am amazed that *The Reporter* would print what can only be described as a smear of Juan Bosch and of the Dominican Social Christian Party (PRSC) and its trade-union arm (CASC) in Paul D. Bethel's "The Dominican Republic Goes to the Polls" (June 2).

Vague assertions that "according to some" observers the PRSC and CASC "are closely associated with and influenced by the Communists," and appeals to unidentified "U.S. intelligence reports" and "the best intelligence estimates" (lucky for Mr. Bethel that we have no Official Secrets Act!) do not prove the link which Mr. Bethel has repeatedly and unsuccessfully tried to establish between the left reformers and the Communists. I am sorry that *The Reporter* has given him another try.

PAUL E. SIGMUND, Acting Director
Latin American Studies Program
Princeton University

Mr. Bethel replies:

There was no intention on my part to "smear" Juan Bosch. There *was* an intention to find out what he stood for, with whom he had alliances, and what those alliances represent. I never found the cliché "moderate left-wing" concrete enough to describe him and his policies, and I set out to determine what they are, and what he is.

As for the PRSC and its labor affiliate, their anti-Americanism parallels the Communist line. Take these comments by the Secretary General of the Social Christian Unions in Latin America, Emilio Maspero, made over Radio Santo Domingo last June 10:

"Actually, the CLASC since its foundation has been hewing to an anti-imperialist policy which primarily is aimed at U.S. imperialism. . . . the OAS has been succinctly and systematically condemned by CLASC. . . . Pan American policies have been a screen, a loincloth, for U.S. political interests. . . . the OAS is public enemy Number 1 and . . . should be repudiated. . . ."

FROM A FORMER GOVERNOR

To the Editor: I thought that Richard Steele's article "Minnesota's Democrats Try to Dump Their Governor" (*The Reporter*, June 2) was well done, discerning, and fair.

As a subscriber to *The Reporter*, I find every issue most informative.

ELMER L. ANDERSEN
St. Paul, Minnesota

BRITAIN

To the Editor: I must protest the tone of George Bailey's "The Chips Are Down for Harold Wilson" (*The Reporter*, June 2). It paints a very distorted picture which only reflects his ignorance or his prejudice. The Labour government's first eighteen months was constructive, especially in the field of balance of payments; there certainly was no opportunity for a protracted election campaign with a majority of three. It was on the record of this period that the electors decided to give Wilson a workable majority, and Mr. Bailey's charge that the Labour Party had not acted like a government falls to the ground. His reference to the Rhodesian crisis implies that Wilson should have ordered the army and air force to kill and destroy the rebels. Wilson would have been wrong to do that without first trying other methods —and Mr. Bailey would have been the first to attack him on that ground.

In his analysis of the new M.P.s Mr. Bailey ignores the historical fact that the Labour Party has attracted a large number of what may be called the intellectuals to its ranks.

Surely the dissolution of the empire, as Mr. Bailey calls it, can be placed to their credit, inasmuch as it is a reversal of the long-standing colonial policy, and the cost now being met is mainly in aid to the newly formed countries. His picture of the economic position is exaggerated. The unemployment figure of

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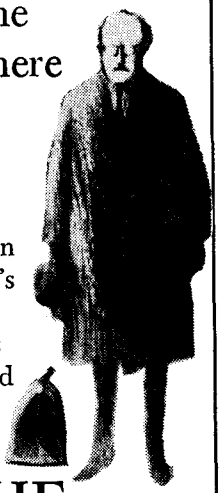

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ERNEST MOORE
Huntington Park, California

To the Editor: George Bailey's evaluation of the stagnant position of British trade unions is clear and well taken. They do indeed represent a reactionary block in the way of the revolutionary action that will be needed if Britain is to overcome its post-imperial problems. And it is ironic that the Socialists seem less likely to achieve this necessary revolution than the Conservatives.

In his rather sketchy outline of British political affairs since the war, however, Mr. Bailey does the Labour Party in particular less than justice. Whatever mistakes they may have made, the reforms put through by the Labour government of 1945 were well founded and of tremendous human importance. As one who has lived in England for some years under what the AMA likes to call "socialized medicine," for example, may I say that returning here is like going back into some dark age of brutal contempt for the sufferings of the ill. If the British Socialists had done nothing else, they would have earned a place in history for that. Ten years after they enacted their national health-insurance measures, "socialized medicine" was still thought of as akin to Communism in this country. Now, nineteen years after the fact, we are beginning to fiddle with halfway measures like Medicare. Eventually, despite AMA lobbying, we shall catch up with the British concept of 1945. (We are now the only major industrial nation without a national health plan.) It might be wise for Mr. Bailey and the rest of us to temper our criticism.

VICTOR EPSTEIN
Los Angeles

HAITI

To the Editor: The article by Robert Debs Heinl, Jr., "Are We Ready to Intervene in Haiti?", in *The Reporter* of June 2, is the product of the imagination of a man who for personal reasons allows himself to be guided by a systematic bias. Haiti, thanks be to God, is calm, peaceful, and at work. None of the problems on which he speculates exist.

Our economy is obviously not brilliant. But this chronic ailment does not date from today and the government is doing its best to remedy it with the country's limited resources. In the midst of the United Nations' decade of development and in a world where much is made of international co-operation, when a small nation like Haiti is making serious efforts to try to make up for lost time, it would have been more serious and humane to help it, even morally, than to devote oneself to the role of prophet of doom and the strategist of subversion.

CARLET R. AUGUSTE
Ambassador of Haiti
United Nations

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Superannuated Youth

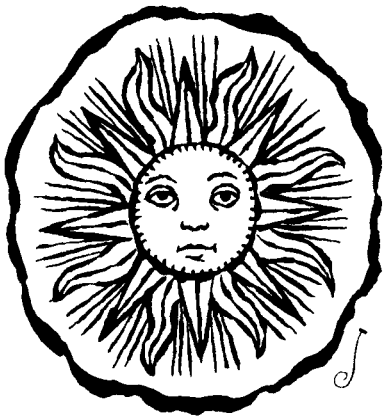
So far as we can recall, the first time Robert F. Kennedy discovered the political asset of the car top as a place for launching foreign-policy initiatives was in Cracow, Poland, in the summer of 1964, when he was still Attorney General of the United States. On that occasion, he mounted the roof of his car to sing "When Polish Eyes Are Smiling" to an audience of several thousand Poles. He also urged the Polish people and their government to lead the way toward a better Soviet-American understanding and to find a solution of the "unnatural division of Germany."

In the course of his recent African tour, Senator Kennedy, according to press reports, was on and off the top of his car a great deal. At Durban from this vantage point he joined a crowd of thousands of students and black and white sympathizers in singing the American civil-rights song "We Shall Overcome." The Washington *Evening Star* seemed to reflect a popular view in declaring that "Senator Kennedy has the same obligation to uphold his beliefs whether he is in Capetown or Jackson, Mississippi, or on the floor of the Senate." But what, one wonders, of those he so deeply moved? In his speech at the University of Capetown he urged on the youth of South Africa, black and white, "the excitement of danger" and "the appetite for adventure." "It is your job," he declared, ". . . to strip the last remnants of that ancient, cruel belief from the civilization of man." To be sure, on other occasions he reportedly urged that their struggle be peaceful and nonviolent, but this was to overlook the fact that any serious demonstration against apartheid in South Africa is illegal.

The most perceptive press comment came from a London *Observer* correspondent in Capetown, who reported that South Africa had not heard this kind of talk since the Sharpeville riots in 1960, which accounted for some seventy-two killed and 184 wounded. "Obviously," he added, "all this is intolerable to [Prime Minister] Verwoerd, who must now act quickly to check any possible repercussions."

The young senator from New York covets the privilege, as he told the Capetown students, of claiming membership in the younger generation. Before returning from his African tour, he once more showed his determination to remain young. Stopping over at Addis Ababa to address an audience of African diplomats and officials of the O.A.U., Kennedy urged them to take worldwide leadership in breaking the deadlock on nuclear arms control. The great powers had failed in this task, he told them. "You must now take the lead and restore the flagging energies of governments and their negotiators."

Considering the sad and frequently tragic record of the new African states in misgovernment and nongovernment, the suggestion staggers the imagination. The most charitable thing that can be said about this episode is that the Senator, in his eagerness to remain young, proved childish.



The Carrot and the Stick

"The Federal Government is not going to retreat from its clear responsibility," President Johnson told a recent gathering of doctors, hospital administrators, and others who had come to Washington to discuss the final arrangements for putting Medicare into effect on July 1.

The President was referring to the desegregation standards established by the Federal Government for hospitals that want to qualify for reimbursement under the program. The forcefulness of his statement gave heart to those members of his administration who have been engaged in a harassing war of nerves during the past few months with state and medical authorities in the South over civil-rights compliance. The idea was in the back of many minds that come July 1, the President would have to accept the situation as it was and let the funds flow to medical institutions, irrespective of compliance, rather than to endanger the program as a whole in the South. After all, this is an election year. But Mr. Johnson is not a man to be caught by surprise, and showed how clearly he had read into the minds of a considerable number of people. "If you discriminate against some older citizens in your community," he said, "you make it very difficult for the whole program."

For about the past six months, officials of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare have been working hard behind the scenes to effect compliance. They had a good deal to overcome, including what might be called a "credibility gap" of their own creation. Under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Federal funds may be withheld from institutions found to practice racial discrimination, and HEW administers many of the two hundred or so major

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programs affected by the statute. Admittedly, the stoppage of funds to hospitals would be a harsh move and one that the department has understandably viewed as the very last resort. Still, there is evidence that until quite recently HEW was slow to apply pressure.

As recently as February, the Civil Rights Commission in a report called "Title VI, One Year After," had some uncommonly critical things to say about HEW: ". . . after drafting and issuing the regulations and formal documents required thereunder, [it] has failed to take the steps necessary to achieve compliance. . . . No enforcement action has been taken even where negotiations have not resulted in the elimination of violations of the law. The failure to adopt adequate review and compliance procedures has made it impossible for HEW to know whether discrimination is actually being eliminated . . . [it] has not provided State and local directors and administrators of Federally assisted programs with the information, support, and leadership necessary to facilitate compliance . . ."

In January, Secretary John W. Gardner appointed F. Peter Libassi to deal specifically with HEW's civil-rights obligations, and with Gardner's strong support, the department began to make some headway. For example, requests for Federal hospital construction aid from non-complying institutions were "deferred" and the message began to come across. Some Southern hospitals had already changed their ways drastically for fear of a loss of funds. Some, such as the Confederate Memorial Medical Center in Shreveport, Louisiana, would not even permit their premises to be inspected by HEW's representatives, according to the Civil Rights Commission report. But there is no doubt that HEW in its recent campaign has been able to move many hospitals toward compliance or that promise of Medicare has turned out to be a particularly effective weapon, since Medicare services are expected to account for more than twenty per cent of most hospitals' income.

The Federal standards of compliance dealing with desegregated staffs, the abolition of separate floors and wings for the races in hospitals, and non-discriminatory admissions have been the most readily met by the institutions trying to qualify for payment. The mingling of white and Negro patients in semi-private rooms has proved a sticking point. Recently, department officials have let it be known that their requests for a so-called "bed census" do not imply that they expect to find racially mixed rooms throughout a given hospital or a proportion of Negroes and whites exactly equal to their proportion in the community as a whole.

In mid-June, HEW calculated that about eighty per cent of the country's hospitals had met the conditions to qualify for Medicare payment. There were around 1400 uncleared hospitals, mostly in Southern and border states. Until the President gave his latest endorsement to HEW's efforts, there was some fear that those institutions in the South that *had* complied would turn out to be the victims, losing patients to those that remained in their pristine segregated states. What the President has made clear is that the situation will not be allowed to develop that way and that the prospective grantee institutions might as well adjust to the fact.

Administration strategy and expectations were summed up this way by Secretary Gardner: "I believe," he said recently in commenting upon the number of institutions now beginning to comply, "that during July, when community pressures on the hospitals begin to be felt, we will bring into the program a very high proportion of the remainder."

The Question of Questioning

When President Johnson established his Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice last year, he charged it, among other things, with determining "what steps can be taken to create greater understanding by those involved in the administration of justice at the state and local level of the efforts of Federal courts to ensure protection of individual rights." The commission

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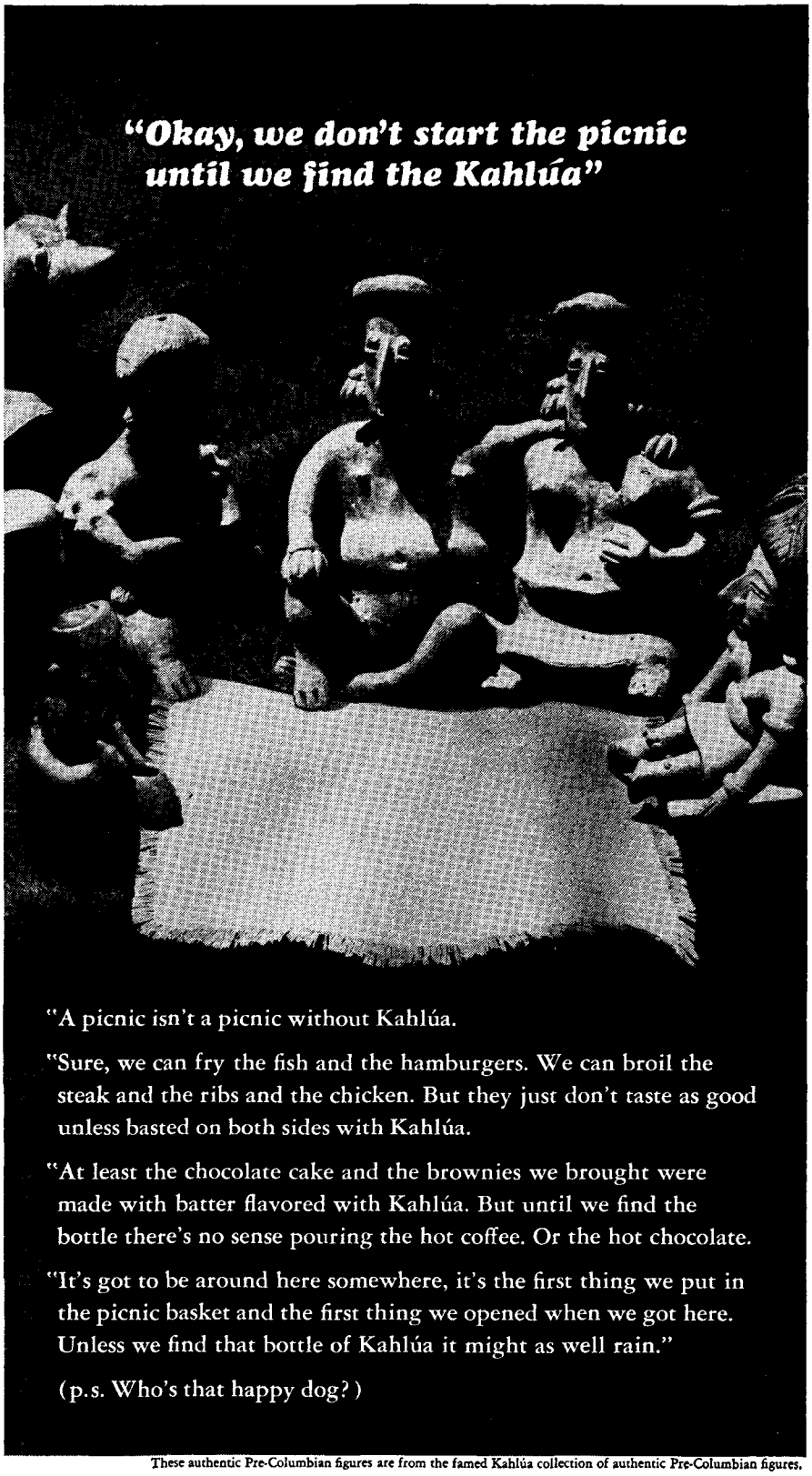
has not reported, and if it has been having trouble finding a solution, its troubles from now on are bound to multiply. The Supreme Court's recent five-to-four decision that greatly circumscribes the latitude of the police in interrogating suspects makes it doubtful that the commission can have anything left to recommend as a guide to the behavior of the police, the prosecutors, and the aggrieved parties.

The court's ruling on confessions and the corollary right to counsel at the moment of detention, admirable though it is for the shield which it provides the innocent man overmatched by the power of the police, may bypass the practical exigencies of crime detection in an attempt to attain the ideal of justice when there is a lot of work to be done to relate the two. It just about eliminates the confession unless the suspect waives his right to be silent and the prosecution can later prove that he did so. And in all too many cases, not necessarily as a result of lazy police work, the confession is the only tool the prosecution has. What the court has done, in effect, is to pre-empt the efforts of the Crime Commission, the American Bar Association, the American Law Institute, and other concerned groups which have been working on codes of justice in the hope that better-defined workaday rules for the police and the lower courts would result in the prevention of so many cases involving flagrant police practices. Had they had a chance to achieve their aims, the court might have been freed from writing so much law so sweepingly in the course of reversing convictions.

Until the court's recent decision, such possibilities were being explored as permitting police to interrogate suspects without defense counsel on hand for limited periods, provided the interviews were scrupulously and impartially recorded. This method might have removed the element of secrecy and of potential third-degree treatment that has troubled the courts and has led, in fact, to this latest broad decision. The purists contend that any sort of interrogation is inherently coercive, but it is not without merit in ascertaining the truth.


"Okay, we don't start the picnic until we find the Kahlúa"
"A picnic isn't a picnic without Kahlúa.
"Sure, we can fry the fish and the hamburgers. We can broil the steak and the ribs and the chicken. But they just don't taste as good unless basted on both sides with Kahlúa.
"At least the chocolate cake and the brownies we brought were made with batter flavored with Kahlúa. But until we find the bottle there's no sense pouring the hot coffee. Or the hot chocolate.
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Maître de Gaulle

During the seventeen years of its existence, NATO, this military coalition of fantastically unequal powers, has survived from crisis to crisis, and the overwhelming American preponderance has never stopped being criticized by the representatives of associate nations. For our Secretaries of State and Defense, it has provided an incomparable school in international democracy—incomparable, certainly, in the sense that it is far more real than the larger ones in existence, the U.N. included.

This is not said to commemorate NATO. The best evidence that it is still alive was provided by the last session, which was expected to be both stormy and crucial, and turned out to be one of the most soberly restrained. Its absent protagonist was that head of state who had decided to have his country leave NATO, and NATO his country.

Considering the outraged contumelies prior to the conference, its outcome was an astonishing anticlimax. Even our most stentorian diplomats, for all we know, behaved like diplomats. The American press that for years has made anti-Gaullism a ritual litany has since then given evidence of new respect for that man. Prime Minister Pearson of Canada, who was once among the Wise Men of NATO and will never stop being one, recently declared how unwise it is to attribute all the blame for NATO's present troubles to Charles de Gaulle.

For years, de Gaulle has had a mean hold on our country and has been meanly repaid. Like a teacher not burdened by an excessive confidence in the understanding and ability of his pupils, he has been prescribing the criteria of thinking and acting in the realm of politics to everyone who cared for an education, the American government and public included. His pronouncements were supercilious if not laughable to many who should have been embarrassed when our government started following a number of Gaullist themes. For when de Gaulle first expounded his notion of détente, our leaders were still devoutly clinging to the policy of deterrence.

When the administration announced its eagerness to establish an economic and political détente with the Communist powers and went so far as to suggest this as NATO's main purpose, France was already fully engaged in it. Missions to and from the satellite countries had become routine, and de Gaulle had his schedule prepared for his trip to Moscow. As to the other Allied nations, why should they move toward the East, friendship in their hearts, commercial deals at the ready in their pockets, in solid NATO formation? Before the new NATO order of the day was launched, the western Allies who had the most to contribute to the economic well-being of the East had started getting a share of what the West-East traffic can bear—Italy with its Fiat deal, France with its Renault agreement, while West Germany was all over the Communist world, including China.

Business is business, and ours is the last country with any right to gripe. American big business could scarcely have established itself under Communist rule without arousing suspicion and resentment both in the West and in the East. There are enough outcries against American colonialism in the friendly nations that don't like to have their most advanced technologies pre-empted by American giant corporations. From a strictly economic viewpoint, we can well let European and Japanese Fordism flourish in the Communist market, even if our Mr. Ford has to wait.

This from a strictly economic viewpoint. No Communist country, irrespective of its business ties with the West, has changed its political structure or mellowed its tyranny; witness Yugoslavia. None has recognized man's spiritual life and his separate allegiance both to Caesar and to God, evidence being Poland, one of the countries most patronized by de Gaulle and by us. Each western nation that gets tied to an eastern one by fat contracts goes it alone. Very soon, all East-West business deals will need a new validation from the western government: a guarantee of neutrality.

France is the Allied nation that first gave the example in going it alone. Its President has been, over and over again, at one with the Communists in maligning our country's foreign policy. But France is also the nation, and de Gaulle the leader, least suited ever to be neutral. De Gaulle has been playing a most reckless game, thanks to a diplomacy possible only to a country which is prevented by its geography and its history from ever becoming marginal or provincial.

Our country, muscle-bound by strength and wealth, cannot afford anything like the nimbleness of French diplomacy. Sometimes a great power like ours takes risks, finds itself engaged in seemingly hopeless battles, and is repaid with sneers by allies who would suffer greatly by our defeat.

Recently, by adopting the de Gaulle notion of détente, we have acted like his dumb, laggard disciples. But the old man, far ahead of us, is still around and is acquiring a firsthand knowledge of Communism. We have not heard the last from him.

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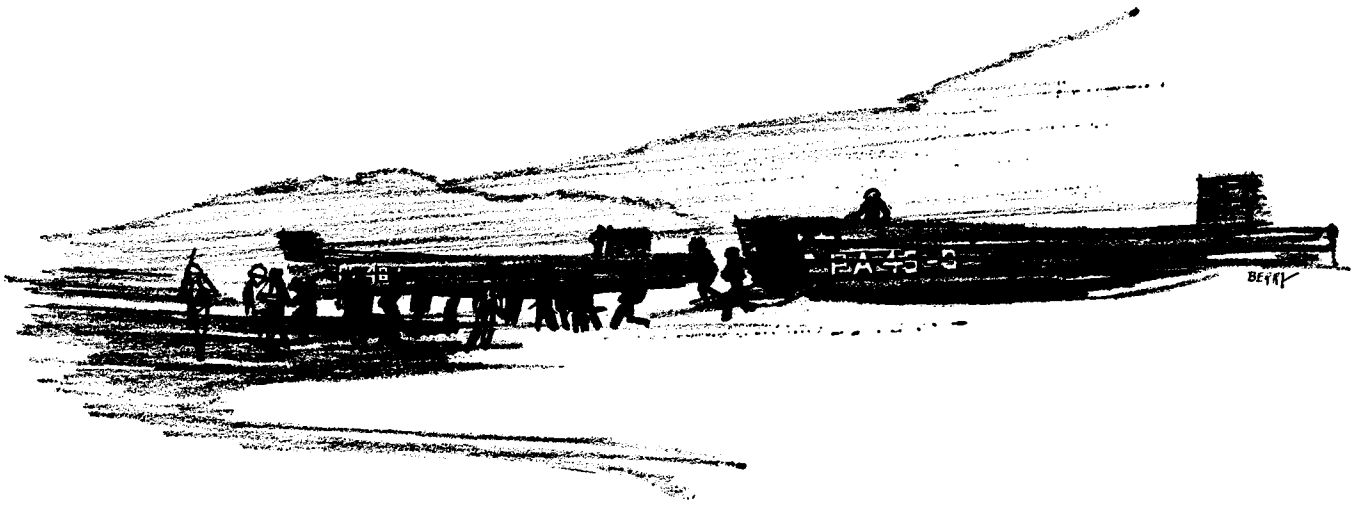

Does Vietnam Need A Supreme Commander?

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

TOWARD the end of last year the word passed around Saigon that April would be a pretty good time to be in Vietnam. The logistical bottlenecks associated with the U.S. buildup would have been removed, and General William C. Westmoreland would, it was said, be in a position to take the offensive and to attack the main-force Vietcong formations in strength. If 1965 was the year in which the formidable and rapid arrival of American divisions prevented a Vietcong take-over, then the second quarter of 1966 would see the foundations laid for victory.

The early portents were good. Every time they met in a major engagement the American forces proved themselves superior to either the Vietcong or the People's Army of Vietnam flocking down the Ho Chi Minh Trail from North Vietnam. To counter U.S. air and artillery support, the Communist forces tried new protective and offensive tactics. They dug their trenches deeper and narrower and closer to their assault positions. In pressing the attack, however, they moved into hand-to-hand combat with haste and zeal that often proved suicidal. Dedicated and indoctrinated though they were, they were not good enough to match American firepower. Yet, though April has long passed and the wettest wet season in many a year has now drenched the High Plateau and the Mekong Delta, the talk is no longer about an American-led offensive but of what major actions the Vietcong may initiate before the wet season ends, and why it has not struck already.

History Repeated

In August, 1961, in an examination of the situation then existing in South Vietnam, I reported in this magazine that the Vietcong forces consisted of perhaps fifteen thousand guerrillas, of whom about half had firearms. "Some of the rifles and almost all of the mines and booby traps are home-made, and, though lethal enough, are extremely primitive," I wrote. "They were also extremely primitive during the Indo-China war. . . . The Vietcong, it is clear, is being raised on the same hard rations."

The Vietcong's numerical and tactical development has followed the Vietminh pattern meticulously and successfully. The highly advanced American technical skills have necessitated some adaptations; in broad outline, however, and often in precise details, the Vietminh handbook has been followed. To read General Vo Nguyen Giap's contribution to the booklet, "Days with Ho Chi Minh," is to understand the extension of the cadre system in the mountains of northern Tonkin, the patient political indoctrination, and the spreading of Communist control into the hamlets and villages of Indo-China a generation and more ago as a prelude to the slow development of armed insurgency. It is also to understand what happened in South Vietnam between 1956 and 1960. Just as the first platoon of the Vietminh Liberation Army, which was formed on December 22, 1944, grew in ten years into a regular army of more than a quarter of a million men, the Vietcong since 1961 has multiplied and by the same methods. The Vietminh used the China sanctuary to create their

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regular divisions and shipped them back into Tonkin through the porte de Chine. North Vietnam and the Ho Chi Minh Trail have served similar purposes for the Vietcong.

As late as August, 1963, the then Chief of Staff of MAC-V (Military Assistance Command—Vietnam) assured me in Saigon that the Vietcong could never operate in more than company strength without inviting immediate destruction. His fear was that the Communists would go underground! In round figures today, the Vietcong has a quarter of a million men under arms. Of these, ninety thousand are main-force regulars, armed and equipped with first-rate weapons, including 120-mm. mortars and recoilless rifles, and organized into roughly 140 battalions, of which about fifty have come from North Vietnam.

These forces are controlled by some twenty-five regimental headquarters, which in recent months have tended to act multilaterally on a divisional basis. Even though full-scale, highly concentrated divisional attacks are improbable, the Vietcong forces have certainly begun to reveal an impressive standard of organizational capacity. Indeed, the co-ordinated deployment of troops on a two-regiment basis has been tested enough to indicate that the Vietcong is now seriously considering even larger-scale action. This is not to suggest that it is prepared to embark on suicidal mass assaults, although it might if it believed a quick military success, however costly, would help to win a big political victory.

WHAT is more probable is that it will use divisional formations on scattered operations designed to weaken even more the ailing Saigon morale. With the possible exception of Pleiku, which is protected by its open terrain, the entire High Plateau is vulnerable. Ban Me Thuot, the capital of Darlac Province, with its scarlet flamboyant trees shading the streets and its clip-clopping mountain ponies, is held in pawn by the Vietcong. To the north, Kontum is surrounded by both jungle and the Vietcong. Fifty-six Vietcong and North Vietnamese battalions have been identified here in the II Corps area, and reinforcements are spilling out of the Ho Chi Minh Trail through Laos and Cambodia at the rate of about 7,500 a month. This compares with about a thousand a month last December and an estimated 4,500 to 5,000 in March.

Superficially, the Mekong Delta, so long the cause of such grave anxiety, seems in better shape these days. The Vietcong have relatively few of their hard-core forces there; but this in itself is no cause for complacency, since the Vietcong use the Mekong Delta as the Vietminh used the Red River Delta—as a source of manpower, money, rice, and consumer goods. Even against the limited capabilities of the

French Union Forces, the Vietminh quickly learned its own vulnerabilities in open delta country, and its effort there always maintained a guerrilla character. It was sufficient for the Vietminh's needs to keep the delta invested and to maintain freedom of access to its human and material resources. Though additional regular formations, sometimes of divisional strength, had to be infiltrated into the Red River Delta from time to time to counter French pacification plans, major military undertakings were reserved for areas where the terrain provided the means for surprise. With the skies of South Vietnam now filled with helicopters and L-19s, the Vietcong has found the open Mekong Delta no place for massing formations.

"With their helicopters and air power and general mobility, the Americans can create their own terrain," said a western intelligence officer. "The Vietcong can win half battles, but they cannot win whole victories. They can take Kontum, or even Hué, if they want to, but they cannot and dare not attempt to hold these or any other major towns."

The Ratio That Matters

These Vietcong liabilities are attributable to the rapid American military buildup, which has brought to Vietnam more than a quarter of a million U.S. troops in the past year, and which, without any doubt or qualification, saved the country from a Vietcong military victory twelve months ago. This immense achievement should not be understated, but the equally important factor in this situation is that General Westmoreland's spring offensive did not materialize because six or so American divisions are simply not adequate for the task.

American operations are bolder, bigger, and better than anything the French attempted in the Indo-China war, but they are in essence only an extension of the cautious daytime patrols the French used to make before returning to their concrete and barbed wire at night. Certainly, the Vietcong main forces must be harried, but search and destroy is not a substitute for secure and hold. It may produce a high kill ratio, perhaps the most fatuous indicator of the war, but it does not increase the ratio of those living under government control to those living under the Vietcong, which in a politico-military war such as this is the only ratio that matters.

The tactical changes necessary in my view to reverse this situation are not practicable now. Given the command system, the distribution and availability of human resources, and the disheartening failure of even the B-52s to interdict or even seriously to slow down the ever-expanding capabilities of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, there is not enough manpower, Vietnamese or American, in the country to do the job. Moreover, to introduce significant additional American forces under existing circumstances would be to exacerbate present social and economic grievances and provide militant Buddhist leaders such as Thich Tri Quang with material

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that could easily be exploited to the Vietcong's advantage.

The dictates of the situation a year ago did not permit any delay, or even the careful planning that the domestic Vietnamese situation demanded. The result is that the essential American buildup has had long-range side effects that threaten to neutralize the immediate military advantages. Militarily, the situation is infinitely better than it was this time last year, but in every other way it is much worse. Victory is no less remote because defeat has been temporarily averted.

MY CURRENT VISIT to Vietnam coincided with that of an expatriate Vietnamese official with whom I have exchanged views dating back sixteen years to Hanoi, where he was the first to warn of the nature and extent of the Vietminh buildup at Dienbienphu. This time he sounded another grave warning.

"Conditions in South Vietnam are very bad and turning worse and worse," he told me. "Inflation, corruption, and government inefficiency all add up to an awful mess." His conclusions are inescapable. "It is tragic but true that the American effort to save Vietnam seems liable to become a significant factor in its eventual fall," was the comment of another Vietnamese.

What both Vietnamese had in mind is immediately apparent in Saigon and to a lesser extent in most other Vietnamese cities. American help came pouring in and Vietnam burst at the seams. In parts of Saigon the sewage system no longer works because it simply connot cope with the load. Saigon used to be an ethereal place, with pretty girls flitting like butterflies along charming tree-lined boulevards. It has become the dirtiest, sleaziest, and most squalid city in the Far East. To help avert the diseases that many feel sure will soon spread and to reduce the stench that pervades the city, residents have taken to burning the rat-infested heaps of garbage, some several feet high, that choke the sidewalks. The results are scarcely effective.

Strictly speaking, I suppose, this is not an American problem. This is certainly the official attitude, though how MAC-V can reconcile the maintenance of its headquarters on a muck heap is a perplexing reversal of the usual military interest in spit and polish.

Throughout the country one finds that Saigon has become a symbol for malfeasance. At the immense rural reconstruction training center at Vung Tau, for instance, I found the chief instructor deploring the "rottenness and corruption of the Saigon government" in whose name the men he was training are meant to rally the population to fight the Vietcong. Corruption begins at the highest level of government and runs all the way to the Vung Tau gatekeepers, who for five piastres close their eyes to students who want to slip out at night.

Threats Within

Law and justice have always been in disrepute in Saigon, but order used to be reasonably well maintained, if only by self-discipline. Today the law is the law of the knife and the gun. A newspaper publisher who narrowly escaped assassination could identify his assailant, but the man went scot-free. The Vietcong created the conditions that have led to this lawlessness, of course, but men now carry guns to defend themselves not merely from the Vietcong.

The extent to which this general decline in standards is reflected in the morale of the armed forces is a highly sensitive subject. Official American figures suggest that desertion is seasonal and worst around the New Year celebrations. Nevertheless, South Vietnamese Army desertions for the first four months of this year were three times higher than main-force Vietcong and People's Army desertions. In one division last year, six thousand troops decided to give up the fight. It would be excessively optimistic not to expect a high rate of desertion this year in the Hué-based First Division, once about the best in the country, or to suggest that the Buddhist crisis will not seriously affect the fighting qualities of the army generally. This is true also of the poorly treated and inadequately paid popular forces. Even the best of these troops, including those least likely to be affected by Buddhist upheavals and other crises, are inclined just to wander off. For instance, last February desertion accounted for a force of six hundred highly regarded Nung mercenaries in the I Corps shrinking to 105.

Another characteristic of the current scene is the increase in regionalism, most notably in the I Corps in central Vietnam, and in warlordism generally. President Ngo Dinh Diem used to keep such a tight control on his regional commanders that he often intervened directly in military operations. Only in central Vietnam, where his brother Ngo Dinh Can ruled with an iron hand, was there anything in the nature of regional autonomy. Today the regional commanders are often publicly contemptuous and openly defiant of Saigon, while corps and divisional commanders closer to the source of power and authority talk and plot coups.

To crush the Buddhist threat in Hué and Danang, the Ky régime at one stage committed more than a third of its entire strategic reserve. To guard against a coup d'état it had one Mekong Delta division on constant alert to move into Saigon, where it had also stationed five of the ten recently trained companies of mobile police whose deployment in the field was scheduled to be an

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integral part of the all-important rural reconstruction program.

I recount this bleak story of corruption, inefficiency, and chaos not to plead the case for cutting our losses in Vietnam, but simply to press the cause for long-overdue command and tactical changes. The government's problems appear somewhat less horrendous when matched against the Vietcong's own formidable problems and difficulties, including peasant resentment against higher taxation, forced labor and recruitment, and military and morale frustrations, to name only a few. Still, it is a wholly unjustified assumption to believe that time is necessarily on our side. To talk of carrying on the war for five years or ten years or even longer, and to pretend that social and economic grievances don't matter, is to overlook the political realities in Vietnam—and the pressures against the war that may be generated in countries far from Saigon, not excluding the United States.

A FUNDAMENTAL weakness in the American position is in the nature of its relationship with the Saigon government. Mighty American efforts sometimes produce mice. When Maxwell Taylor and U. Alexis Johnson took over at the American embassy, it was predicted with confidence that for every dollar's worth of aid Vietnam consumed it would also consume a dollar's worth of advice. But even now the consumption of advice would not run to more than a few cents in the dollar. For fear of raising the bogey of colonialism, the joint command system, which the war so clearly demanded long before the American forces became a major factor in the government's effort, was rejected, and the succession of military juntas and their fragmented regional offshoots have continued to ask for, and to take, only the advice they wanted. Nothing is more certain, for instance, than that American military advice in the I Corps area would have been heavily against the decision to fire General Nguyen Chanh Thi on March 11.

With the U.S. forces (255,000 at the end of April) rapidly overtaking the South Vietnamese Army's strength (316,000) but still far from adequate to fulfill the hopes of anything more than search-and-destroy operations, Washington has clearly reached the conclusion that if General Westmoreland is to undertake the offensive phase optimistically predicted for April, there must be heavy military reinforcement. On the basis of the present strength of the Vietcong, the need is for an additional four to six divisions. Since native manpower resources are taxed to their limit in

Vietnam by dual Vietcong and government recruiting and, on the government side, by the need for a rational distribution of resources to meet the demands of regular, regional, and popular forces, the expanding police force, and rural reconstruction, the increase in combat forces can come only from the United States. The war, as the casualty figures now reflect, is very much an American war. It will stay that way.

Since that is the case, I believe that there is now a strong argument for winning Saigon's acceptance of a Supreme Allied Commander. It is not enough, as I have suggested, to meet immediate military needs by bringing in more troops. It is equally important that their presence should not create further economic and social problems. A Supreme Commander would always be deeply concerned with such matters. Graft and corruption among the military (and the non-military) of any nationality, the unauthorized movement of troops (whether Vietnamese or American and for whatever purpose), the wildly inflationary effects of G.I. purchasing, the collapse of municipal services, the alienation of public opinion by widespread and uncontrolled prostitution—all these and many other side effects of the war would properly be responsibilities of a Supreme Commander and his staff. However difficult politically, it would be essential to name an American to the post.

The Priorities

The time has also come, I believe, to re-examine the role of the Vietnamese forces. Between 1954 and 1960, American generals created the South Vietnamese Army from the hodge-podge of forces left over from the Indo-China war. They organized it into corps and divisions, and, using the experience of the Korean War, trained and equipped it to guard the nation's frontiers. They left it in ignorance about the techniques of wars of national liberation.

Once made, this basic error could not easily be mended while the Vietcong was busy increasing from the guerrilla formations into regular units of company and battalion size, and the main responsibility for defense rested on the South Vietnamese Army.

The introduction of large-scale main-force North Vietnamese on the one side and American forces on the other, however, has radically changed this situation. Because of their alien nature, there are obvious restrictions on the roles both of these forces may play in the war. The fifty-plus North Vietnamese battalions now in South Vietnam would be wasted on the patient guerrilla-cum-subversion activities that form a large part of the Vietcong's effort. They are Communist assault forces. Similarly, to use American forces in direct support of pacification programs is also to waste military power and skill. To use that old cliché again, the battle for the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese peasant must be fought by Vietnamese and no one else.

In theory, to win the war is easy. To begin with, it requires

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that main-force Vietcong and North Vietnamese units be excluded from the populated areas, so that pacification plans may proceed unhampered by more than containable guerrilla action. This involves the deployment of regular units to drive out Vietcong main forces and to enlarge the areas under control, coupled with adequate regional and popular forces to provide security within the areas under pacification. In the past, however, neither the regular nor the regional forces have been adequate for the dual task. Ngo Dinh Nhu's strategic-hamlet program collapsed because it failed to provide security for the villagers, and this has been true of every pacification program since. In Quang Ngai Province today, for example, well-armed forty-man political-action teams, unable to cope with the increasing strength of North Vietnamese and Vietcong regulars, fight as infantry companies.

SINCE the United States is fully committed to the war, a sensible change in priorities would suggest that the South Vietnamese Army should become the principal pacification force, while American and other Allied troops should be chiefly responsible for dealing with main-force Communist battalions beyond the pacification zones. This would not merely be a realistic distribution of effort; it would also help bring under control the unreliable Vietnamese corps commands. This is not to suggest that the South Vietnamese Army should be relieved of combat duty. On the contrary, the fighting forces required to secure and hold against the Vietcong guerrillas are only slightly less impressive than those necessary to defeat the enemy's main elements.

Admittedly, the arguments against such measures are strong. But to one who has watched the conflict in Indo-China for sixteen years, it now seems clear that the rudderless direction in Saigon has become the main threat to successful prosecution of the war. If U.S. prestige and influence are really at stake here, as I believe they are, then Washington may soon have no alternative but to provide the co-ordination and the direction without which the war will almost certainly be lost.

Geneva, 1954: The Broken Mold

VICTOR BATOR

FOR ALL their differences, many of the leading participants in the Vietnam debate seem to agree that the military and political provisions of the Geneva Agreements of 1954 offer the best basis for peace negotiations. The point has been argued, with different emphasis to be sure, by Senator J. William Fulbright and Secretary of State Dean Rusk, by Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg and Prime Minister Harold Wilson. As the French diplomat Jean Chauvel put it in *Le Monde* in January after a round of official visits in Asia, "No matter where one turns, Washington, Peking, Hanoi, or the National Liberation Front, all take their cues from the joint declaration of the Geneva Conference." But can the emergency solutions adopted twelve summers ago be applied to the crisis in Southeast Asia today?

The Geneva Agreements of July, 1954, were reached at a conference of nine states. Five of them—France, the People's Republic of China, the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, and the United States—were non-Indo-Chinese, "outsiders," as it were. The other four—Cambodia, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (North), Laos, and the State of Vietnam (South)—were parts of the old French Indo-China. The signed documents of the conference were six unilateral declarations by Cambodia, France, and Laos—two from each, with none from either of the two Vietnams—and three armistice agreements, one each for Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam.

The "Agreement on Cessation of Hostilities in Vietnam" contains six chapters with forty-seven articles and an annex. Chapters I, II, IV, and V deal, respectively, with a provisional demarcation line separating the north and south zones, with the cessation of hostilities, with the exchange of prisoners of war and internees, and with miscellaneous details. There are provisions in them to prevent reprisals, to secure democratic liberties, and to assure the right of choice of domicile. Chapter VI deals with a joint commission of the two armies—the People's Army of Vietnam and French Union Forces—and with an international supervisory commission that was to control and supervise the cease-fire. These five chapters clearly state that the parties to the agreement are not governments but the two opposing army commands, the People's Army and the French Union Forces. Chapter III provides that no military personnel, war matériel, or new military bases shall be introduced, nor shall any military bases under the control of a foreign state be allowed, or military alliances or either area (north and south of the demarcation line) be used to further an aggressive policy.

Drawing the Line

The political dispositions were all supposed to be contained in a document entitled the "Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference." This document, which remained unsigned, had no contracting parties and no

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common obligations. Agreement to it by the seven assenting powers was simply oral.

Nine of the Declaration's thirteen paragraphs (1-5 and 8-11) in essence take cognizance of the six unilateral declarations and the three armistice agreements. Paragraph 12 does not say anything specific affecting the Vietnamese situation but enjoins the five non-Indo-Chinese conference participants "to refrain from any interference in [the] internal affairs" of Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam. In Paragraph 13 the participants at the conference agree to consult each other on any question that might be referred to them by the International Supervisory Commission. This leaves us Paragraphs 6 and 7, which might form the basis for a new Vietnam agreement if the idea of the return to Geneva 1954 is at all workable.

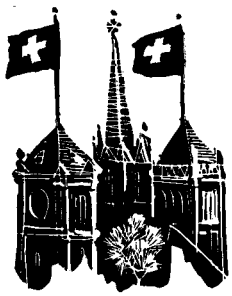
Paragraph 6 has considerable significance. It asserts that the purpose of the Vietnam armistice agreement was to settle military questions, and that the demarcation line it prescribed was not meant to be "a political or territorial boundary." This paragraph also expresses the conviction that the execution of the agreements "creates the necessary basis for the achievement *in the near future* of a political settlement." (Italics added.)

Paragraph 7 prescribes such a settlement "effected on the basis of respect for the principles of independence, unity, and territorial integrity." It directed that the settlement "permit the Vietnamese people to enjoy the fundamental freedoms, guaranteed by democratic institutions." And it called for "free general elections by secret ballot" to be held in July, 1956. The text in no way linked the elections with unification.

None of these political dispositions could be interpreted as partitioning Vietnam into two states. The armistice agreement, however, had just this effect. Though the first article of Chapter I, on the "Provisional Military Demarcation Line and Demilitarized Zone," appears purely military in nature, when combined with Article 14 in Chapter II it was the indicator of a line (roughly along the 17th parallel) that was to become the frontier separating the two Vietnams.

Article I merely said that "A provisional military demarcation line shall be fixed, on either side of which the forces of the two parties shall be regrouped after their withdrawal, the forces of the People's Army of Vietnam to the north of the line and the forces of the French Union to the south." Chapter II, Article 14, dealt with "Political and administrative measures in the two regrouping zones." It said: "Pending the general elections which will bring about the unification of Vietnam, the conduct of civil administration in each regrouping zone shall be in the hands of the party whose forces are to be regrouped there in virtue of the present agreement."

THE TEXT thus allocated temporary civil administration to the People's Army of Vietnam and the French Union Forces in Indo-China, although neither of them had an organization to do this. It ignored altogether the existence of the most



interested parties of the conference, the two Vietnamese delegations, and in this single clumsy and cloudy sentence provided the basis for two bitterly antagonistic states. A provision that no one was to be allowed to cross the demarcation line unless specifically authorized to do so by the Joint Commission of the two parties underscored the division.

Curiously, when the text took up the special treatment of the Red River Delta (Hanoi and Haiphong), reference to the People's Army of Vietnam was dropped. In its place, the civil administration north of the line was assigned to the "Democratic Republic of Vietnam," which up to that point had not been mentioned at all.

This clause of the cease-fire agreement poses endless legal dilemmas. First of all, when it was signed in July, 1954, by French Brigadier General Henri Delteil, there existed a solemn declaration and a treaty not yet ratified, but initialed by French Premier Joseph Laniel and the State of Vietnam's Premier Buu Loc, by which France recognized Vietnam "as a fully independent and sovereign state." Thus, although a French general could well sign a purely military cease-fire agreement, he had no legal authority to be a party to either the temporary or permanent bisection of the sovereign State of Vietnam. How was it possible, then, for seven conference participants to assent—through the Final Declaration—to the French general's acts affecting political and administrative matters in Vietnam?

Again, there is a conflict between Paragraph 7 of the Final Declaration, which stated that the purpose of the free general elections was purely to establish fundamental freedoms guaranteed by democratic institutions, and Article 14 of the armistice agreement, which said that elections were to bring about Vietnam's unification. Which purpose was to take precedence? Moreover, since Vietnam was not legally disunited but was simply to be provisionally divided into "regrouping" zones, what was the intent of the words "pending the general elections which will bring about the unification of Vietnam"? If unification was indeed necessary, separation was already implicit. Vietnam was in fact represented at the Geneva Conference by two governments, each recognized as sovereign by a different group of countries. The pretense that a single Vietnam was being dealt with was a weird diplomatic evasion.

These legally contradictory features of the cease-fire agreement are perhaps understandable in the circumstances; the five "outside" powers could not disenfranchise and banish the government of the State of Vietnam, which at the time of the conference had been recognized by more than thirty foreign states; nor were they seeking to set up Ho Chi Minh's rebellious Vietminh as a separate but equal government that in July, 1954, had no territory, no frontiers, and no capital, and was recognized only by China, the Soviet

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Union, and a few Communist satellites.

In addition, it might be maintained that Vietnam was not actually partitioned but that the two political groups claiming to represent the majority of the Vietnamese had each been assigned a part of the country pending elections to decide what government the people wanted. The purpose of the conference, it could be argued, was to end the war. The political settlement was to be left to the electorate.

The Dissenters

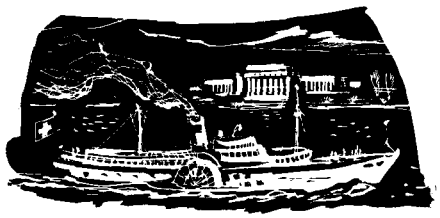
The Geneva Conference, in fact, ended with two great achievements: it did stop the war and it eliminated a crisis in the western alliance, ending, in President Eisenhower's words, "anxious hours and days when the leaders of the free world tried to find among themselves at least a temporary, workable unity."

Yet no matter how important these two achievements were at the time, when one compares the war today with the situation in 1954 it is obvious that different areas, antagonists, and military situations are involved. Nor did the Geneva Conference produce an agreement among the seven assenting participants, or even an agreed text. What came out of the conference—the unsigned Final Declaration—was a skillful *trompe-l'œil* to which the two parties most directly concerned did not subscribe.

The State of Vietnam protested solemnly against the conditions of the Declaration, although it undertook "to make and support every effort to re-establish a real and lasting peace and not to use force to resist the procedures for carrying the cease-fire into effect." It did not promise to respect the political result. The United States took note of the first twelve of the thirteen paragraphs, and promised to refrain from the threat or use of force that might disturb the execution of the agreements. Its unilateral declaration, however, supported the Vietnamese protest against arrangements made without their consent by saying "that peoples are entitled to determine their own future and that [the United States] will not join in an arrangement which would hinder this." Essentially, the U.S. objection to Paragraph 13 was that it opened the way to the embarrassment of being consulted by Communist China.

There is no doubt that all of the participants except the State of Vietnam and the United States wanted above all to end the fighting. France was eager to be relieved of military involvement. For the other three "outside" participants—China, the Soviet Union, and Britain—the end of the fighting removed the danger of entanglement in the quarrels of minor nations that might lead to a large-scale war between East and West. These three powers were more moderators than opponents at Geneva.

The primary motivation of the Vietminh was to consolidate their rule somewhere, anywhere, in Vietnam. To accomplish this, Ho Chi Minh was willing to make political concessions from his militarily superior position. So it came about



that, on May 25, the head of the Vietminh delegation first mentioned partition. It was to be based on a regrouping of forces on either side of a line of demarcation that would give both parties an area with a sufficiently large population to exist independently.

Firm opposition came mainly from the State of Vietnam, which the other parties had expected to make the sacrifices clearing the way for a settlement. But in spite of its otherwise weak position, the State of Vietnam held one trump card—the support of the United States. Thus it proved impossible to obtain the consent of the French-backed Chief of State, Bao Dai, or later of President Ngo Dinh Diem, to partition or to the cession of any part of Vietnam to the Communist rebels. The Vietnam delegation operated upon the assumption that a settlement was not an absolute necessity for them, because if Geneva failed, the United States would enter the fight.

Ho Chi Minh, with the prestige that the victory at Dienbienphu had given him and the military superiority that was his, would not renounce his claim to leadership of all Vietnam. He was willing to make concessions for a temporary settlement but would not agree to anything that would preclude his ultimate rule of a unified Vietnam. Even so, Molotov and Chou En-lai had to put considerable pressure on the Vietminh at Geneva to surrender —for what it expected would only be a short time—some of the areas it had conquered and controlled.

Point of No Return

The contradictions and the equivocations in the documents that emerged from the Geneva Conference gain added emphasis by the procedure by which they were reached. As narrated in memoirs such as those of Anthony Eden, who presided at Geneva, or in the detailed accounts of Bernard B. Fall, Jean Lacouture, and Philippe Devillers, partition—so ambiguously treated in the documents—was the most important subject of bargaining, both in principle and in its geographical application. It was discussed continually, if confidentially, within each delegation, but for a time was carefully ignored when the delegations met.

When at last partition was openly broached by the Vietminh, the French and British were elated. From that moment the location of the dividing line became the principal hurdle blocking the road to a settlement. Secretary of State Dulles, in order to underscore his insistence that it be drawn on the 17th parallel and to demonstrate western unity on this point, flew from Washington to Paris to meet with Eden and Premier Pierre Mendès-France. There were discussions even about the viability of the two parts. It is hard to believe that all this activity could have been devoted to the location of a temporary military demarcation line, a kind of billeting arrangement that would shortly disappear. The innocent-sounding text of the final agreement must have signified something of greater import.

Since the contradictions and equivocations thus involve more than the

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documents themselves, to what agreement is it now suggested that we return—to the explicit sense of the texts, or to the tacit understanding masked by them? If it is the texts that are now so inviting, which ones shall be taken out of the drawer—those which held that Vietnamese unity remained intact or those which provided for reunification of the two parts? Or, if such technicalities are to be ignored, should we return to the negotiated agreement as it was understood by Ho Chi Minh, as it was understood and repudiated by the United States and the government of Bao Dai and of Diem, or as it appeared in 1954 to France and the United Kingdom—or to Russia and China—as a basis of a new balance of political power? It is obvious that a "return" to Geneva of 1954 would mean as many things as there were parties to it, as would immediately become clear when the assorted representatives reached the conference table.

Finally, the fundamental consideration why the Geneva Agreements of 1954 cannot provide the basis for a settlement today is that the power balance in Asia has been irreparably altered. China, which was neither strong nor independent, today is both. France, the most interested party in 1954, is almost out of the picture now. If another conference is to be called, it must include such vitally concerned nations as Australia, New Zealand, Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, India, and Pakistan. China has now become one of the heaviest elements in the balance of power in Asia and it has become independent of the Soviet Union. As a military threat its potential is steadily growing.

THE GENEVA AGREEMENTS were an accommodation among a Soviet Union that was not much interested, a post-imperialist France and Britain, and a still weak China. All were seeking the end of a chapter. The problem today is not one of the liquidation of French colonial possessions but the remaking—with the participation of the great and small nations whose interests are at stake—of the power structure of Southeast Asia.

Adenauer's View Of a Changing Europe

GEORGE BAILEY

"FOR THE FIRST TIME in German history, two hundred words sufficed to describe the situation of the Germans and to satisfy the interest of the Germans in their situation." Thus has the news magazine *Der Spiegel* referred to Konrad Adenauer's vocabulary. All the while he was Chancellor, later when he was merely the leader of his party, and now as honorary party leader for life and writer of memoirs, Adenauer has had to fight his own *Kulturkampf* with West Germany's intellectuals. It has not been hard. Typically, one of Adenauer's great strengths as a politician—the simplicity of his language, his ability to make even the most complicated issues intelligible to the man in the street—is the most frequent target of his intellectual hecklers. Much of the misunderstanding has to do with the imposition of postwar spiritual complications in Germany on the nature of the language, confusion rampant on a field of subordinate and insubordinate clauses. But basically it was ever thus. The Greek scholar H. D. F. Kitto wrote of "the imprecision and the lack of immediate perspicuity into which English occasionally deviates and from which German occasionally emerges."

When the first volume of Adenauer's memoirs appeared in Germany last October, the Old Man's archheckler, *Der Spiegel,* commissioned one of his perfervid critics, the novelist Heinrich Böll, to write the review. Böll chose a statement in Adenauer's introduction as his first target: "Experience," wrote *Der Alte,* "can be a guide to thought and action which nothing can replace, not even innate intellect. This is particularly true in the field of politics." "This statement," commented Böll, "is emphatically refuted not only by what one might call its 'assertion' but also by an intellectual who was completely inexperienced politically and who made policy and history in 1917 in Petrograd—Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov." So much for Böll. The run of Germany's intellectuals seems to validate Stanley Baldwin's comment that "The difference between an intellectual and an intelligent man is

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the difference between a 'gent' and a gentleman."

Next to Lenin, Adenauer is probably the most consummate *homo politicus* of the twentieth century. His memoirs support this; they are almost purely political—and indeed written to a current political purpose. The book is not really about Adenauer at all but about his work —the conception, gestation, birth, care, feeding, and swaddling of the Federal Republic. Adenauer's association of himself with his work is so close to amount to identification. It is hardly too much to say that Adenauer was the catalytic agent of the process that created and then consolidated the Federal Republic.

A Tower in the Ruins

Where did Adenauer come from? On the modern German scene he seems a throwback, a historical freak, but in fact he represents and embodies a cultural and historical continuity that was diverted by Bismarck, distorted by Wilhelm II, and almost destroyed by Hitler. He was the leader of the age-old spiritual underground. This was noted by one of the German reviewers of his memoirs, the historian Golo Mann: "The appearance of this patriarch, free of every form of hysteria, incapable of assuming a false pose, pursuing his foreign political policy steadily and unerringly, produced a beneficial effect after all the frightful vagaries, all the tortures and insanities. Something of this can be felt in his book. It is a thoroughly healthy book, refined by age, experience, and earnestness. 'Germany is eternally enduring, it is healthy to the core.' In this, Heine's sense, it is also a very German book."

Goethe said that it would be unfortunate if the Germans united to form a nation like France. Their true course, he felt, was to remain dispersed in order to act as bearer of civilization for Europe and the world. This was also Adenauer's premise, reinforced by the realization that Germany's lack of natural borders east and west was bound to render it chronically unstable as a nation-state. His answer was federalism. In 1919 Adenauer led the movement for a Rhein-Ruhr republic that was to remain connected with the Reich but was expected to offset the power of Prussia and stabilize the East-West teeter-totter of traditional German foreign policy. It would also act as a nucleus for the eventual Federation of Europe which Adenauer—who called nationalism "the cancer of Europe"—was sure would come. For this advocacy he was widely denounced as a separatist.

Adenauer's most distinguishing quality is his moral stature. In 1945

this was so great that by contrast he stood out like a church tower intact among Germany's ruins. Certainly his self-assurance and the sense of personal authority he imparts derive from this quality. It is also probably why Germany's postwar intellectuals, so many of whom believe passionately in the absolute depravity of Germans and wished to start with a dirty slate, as it were, detested him. His integrity is to be taken literally: he is all of a piece throughout. For this reason he has been widely mistaken for a simple man.

NOTHING could be further from the truth. For Adenauer, the feasible is merely the focus of moral, juridical and psychological considerations. For example, in his memoirs he writes: "The unconditional surrender of the German armed forces in May, 1945, was interpreted by the Allies to mean a complete transfer of government authority into their hands. This interpretation was wrong from the point of view of international law. By it the Allies in practice assumed a task which it was impossible for them to fulfill. . . . their attempt to govern this large, disorganized country from the outside, often guided by extraneous political and economic criteria of their own, was bound to fail." The Allies' gradual realization of this fact, abetted by Adenauer as head of the new Christian Democratic Union, formed the seeds of the republic. This is an example of the theory of the continuing juridical existence of the German state, to which Adenauer wholly subscribed, being borne out by force of circumstances and events.

Adenauer also discerned from the outset that the plight of Europe after the war would force some sort of economic integration across national boundaries, while the fear and hatred of Germany rendered any return of sovereignty to the Germans contingent upon dissolving, at least partially, German nationalism in a European community. Adenauer's critics accuse him of having exploited the national disarray and chaos to build just the kind of separatist state he had always wanted. Exploit the situation he certainly did, but all members of the Parliamentary Council called by the Allies were agreed that the structure they were about to create would have to be provisional. Adenauer himself repeatedly pointed out to the members that "voting on the Basic Law did not mean voting on the Ten Commandments but merely on a law intended for a time of transition." The main reason for the provisional nature of the state and its federal structure was that as such it would be "best adapted to the eventual reestablishment of German unity." Such a structure was also best adapted to progressive integration with Western Europe.

But there was yet another reason. Reading in the memoirs Adenauer's account of the emergence of the Federal Republic from the occupation proper through the Occupation Statute, I found it impossible not to speculate on the nature of the Federal Republic. What is it—a phoenix with only one wing? More than a provisional entity, less than a state;

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is there any other government in the world which took its being from that context of foreign treaties, protocols, joint declarations, and codicils, and whose existence continues to be bound up in this bulk of documents which Germans call "the contractual corpus"?

Swallowing Hopefully

The Old Man looked at me steadily while I rattled off these questions in a recent interview. Years ago, when I first talked to him, I was struck by his eyes. They are the eyes of an elephant: tiny and slanted, they look as if they were fixed in the side of his head. They make his full face look as if it had been composed by taking his right and left profiles and juxtaposing them in the flat. They make it seem that the Old Man is looking across a great distance, and they alone give the impression of advanced age, of reserve, of detached interest—they appear to be the peepholes of an intensely alert intelligence set deep in some massive bulk.

This last impression is conveyed, I think, by the Old Man's response to my questions. "The occupying powers," he said, "were united in the tendency not to give the Federal center too many powers but to allow the Länder to remain as strong factors in the governing process. The occupation powers gave us direct orders on what had to be included and what must not be included. More than once we seriously considered whether we should not give the entire commission back to the occupation and say to them: 'Dear people, we thank you but we can't create a state in this way.' Then we chose the term 'Basic Law,' in order to demonstrate that we had not created a constitution. In the last analysis, only the people can create a constitution, and no one can assert that the people created the basic law. Finally, we still hoped that the time when the German people would provide themselves with a free constitution in free elections was not far off—or not so far off as it turned out to be. This last reason—the hope that reunification was not far off—was what decided us to swallow as much of the occupation as in our opinion (and all of us in the Parliamentary Council were of the same opinion) we could possibly tolerate; for a Federal Republic, even on the basis of such a Basic Law, seemed to us better than a government dependent on the occupying powers."

No sooner had the Occupation Statute gone into force to complement the Basic Law than Adenauer went to work to obtain a revision of the statute. In this connection, he writes in the memoirs: "François-Poncet had uttered a warning against excessive hopes that . . . all control would cease in the Federal Republic and the High Commissioners would 'die.' I had retorted that there was no need to speak of the death of the High Commissioners; if a caterpillar was metamorphosed into a butterfly it did not mean death. François-Poncet had replied: 'So you want my colleagues and myself to turn into butterflies; but please do not then pursue us with a butterfly net.'" Adenauer still has his butterfly net, Bonn still has its butterflies.

THE GREAT CHANCE to promote the metamorphosis of Allied controls came with the outbreak of the Korean War, which provided the answer to the question Adenauer repeatedly put to the Allies: "Which is the greater threat—Germany or the Soviet Union?" Adenauer notes that as early as October, 1950, the French National Assembly approved a proposal for a European Defense Community that was to include a German contingent. The European Defense Community is the main subject matter of the second half of the book. It became and remains almost a fetish with the Old Man. He saw in it a God-given opportunity to achieve everything he had set his heart on as early as 1919.

Adenauer is not a stylist, but he often achieves something akin to eloquence when he writes of the almost successful efforts to establish the EDC. "In their common concern for their future, nations which a moment ago were still separated by an abyss have forgotten the struggles of the past and met at the same ne-

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gotiating table in order to try to replace the tool of just these struggles, the national army, by a common army which must no longer serve anything but the defense of our common civilization." Subordination within the Atlantic Community was no problem: "The Atlantic system may satisfy and answer urgent yet passing needs, but the problem of Europe persists. We hold the view that regardless of the situation of the moment or of any intercontinental or global solution found elsewhere, a Europe must be organized, a Europe that must be redeemed from an anachronistic and absurd dismemberment, a Europe that must overcome an obsolete nationalism."

They almost brought it off, Adenauer and kindred spirits such as Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister of the time, an Alsatian who had studied at Bonn University before the First World War. Adenauer goes into great detail describing the projected common defense finance pool to defray all expenditures of the integrated European armed forces. A standardized supply system and a common arms program were to be instituted for the standardization of arms production, "which would achieve a considerable saving," Adenauer added. This was certainly an allusion to the subterranean "war of commerce," as one German editorial writer has put it, that has long raged and recently broken out into the open between the Federal Republic and the United States over "offset" arms purchases to defray the costs of stationing American troops in Germany.

An Instinct for the Important

During my interview with him I asked Adenauer why he had given so much space and emphasis in his book to the dead issue of the EDC (he always refers to it in the historical present), citing articles and paragraphs of treaties and conventions that never went into effect. "So that people would learn from it," he answered, and then went on to explain that its failure was not due only to the French. Hadn't the "Europeans" learned a great deal from the failure of the EDC and applied the knowledge to the formation of the Common Market? I asked. Did he think that the kind of integration that had taken place within the Common Market was strong enough to withstand the storm now breaking over the European and Atlantic Communities? He did not. This became clear after he had roundly deplored Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder's

"hard line" treatment of France and his handling of the issue of "disintegrated" French troops on German soil; it is typical of Adenauer to respond to a general question with a particular answer aimed directly at the most critical issue of the day.

As *homo politicus*, everything he does and says is said and done with a political effect in mind. "There is one thing a responsible politician cannot do," he writes in his memoirs. "He cannot simply escape into inactivity only because every action available to him has its drawbacks. For then others will act over the head of this politician and his country." (Adenauer always thinks in terms of foreign policy.) ". . . There were no perfect solutions for Germany and certainly none for a divided Germany. There was very often only the policy of the lesser evil."

In comparatively favorable situations, this becomes the policy of the next best thing. An example of this was his answer to my question of how he reconciled de Gaulle's rejection of integration with his own passion for the same. "For this," he said, "I use the words 'federation' and 'confederation.' If I can't get the one then I start working on the other, and in the end it will all be resolved of itself."

I broached, at some length, the subject of the strange duality in the German problem, the tale of the two cities Bonn and Berlin as seats and symbols of the existence on German soil of two conflicting and yet overlapping alliances, NATO and the Four-Power Statute. Here too, Adenauer's reaction was typical: "That is not the most important thing about the two-state theory. The most important thing is, what about the debts? Not Berlin's debts, but the debts of the Reich. We are the successor state to the German Reich, and Hitler cost an awful lot of money. What is to become of the debts?"

"Do you mean financial debts?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," he answered. "Certainly. And there is something else. The occupation rights are still in force and will remain so until we have national emergency legislation that in the opinion of the Allies will suffice for the security of their troops. As it is, they can come to us any day and say: 'Finis—it's all over.' "

For the last ten years the Federal government has been trying to pass such legislation; without it, the nation reverts automatically to occupation status in the event of a national emergency. Until recently the Social Democratic Party (SPD) bitterly opposed every attempt to put through the *Notstandsgesetz*. Now that the SPD leadership has come out in favor of some form of emergency legislation, the trade unions have broken ranks and redoubled their opposition, leaving the issue as much in doubt as ever. In Adenauer's opinion the SPD is in a critical situation, in a state of "interior disarray," evidenced by the negotiations that have recently resulted in an agreement between the SPD and the Socialist Unity Party (SED) of East Germany to exchange speakers at Chemnitz and Hannover in July. Adenauer not only regards this development with great misgiving; he considers it "a general offensive of the East German Communists against the SPD." He is also convinced that the acceptance of the invitation to negotiate a speakers' exchange is itself a result of the successful infiltration of the SPD by former members of the West German Communist Party, which was declared unconstitutional in 1956.

With his part in creating the

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Coal and Steel Community and later the Common Market, Adenauer succeeded in interweaving the two economies so closely together that the leader of the Social Democratic opposition, the late Kurt Schumacher, accused him of having put German industry "in the service of French diplomacy." It was Adenauer's justified contention that war between the two countries is no longer possible because of their industrial interdependence.

"If Germany is bound to France," I said, "then surely France is bound to Germany. When de Gaulle goes to Moscow, will he not necessarily be speaking for Germany at least in part?" "I hope he will," answered Adenauer. "He assured me that he would. I talked with him about it when I was in Paris two months ago, and he assured me that he would."

I asked Adenauer whether he expected de Gaulle to bring back anything from Moscow. "I can tell you this," replied the Old Man. "De Gaulle has prepared his trip to Moscow so carefully that I cannot well believe that he will come back with empty hands. If he does come back empty-handed—not only as far as France is concerned but also for us and Europe generally—then he will suffer a very great loss of political prestige. But if he comes back with something reasonable, then he will be the great man, the hero of our time."

At one point Adenauer turned to me and said abruptly: "But de Gaulle is now seventy-eight years old. What will happen when he is no longer there? In France—and this is something nobody ever makes allowances for here—there is a broad stratum of people who wish to go along with Russia as they were wont to do in the old days. But de Gaulle has the same opinion you and I hold: in regard to Russia, either we both remain free or we both go under."

Something Like Equal Terms

The *Leitmotiv* of Adenauer's memoirs is the fear of the Allies' entering pacts with Russia singly or collectively over Germany's head and at Germany's expense. Adenauer's requiem for the EDC comes mainly from his conviction that it would have spared Germany any such diplomatic overflights once and for all. The Franco-German friendship treaty was the result of the same force that almost pushed the EDC to fruition, this time with the specific objective of making it impossible for any foreign power to form a special relationship with either France or Germany—or vice versa—and play off one against the other.

Adenauer would argue—if he would argue—that the present NATO crisis is again the result of an attempt by the same force (and not

only France) to bring about a variation of the EDC. The installation of a higher sovereignty happens to be a hallmark of imperialism as well as precondition for a united Europe. Adenauer and his friends and a great many Germans would accept initial French hegemony as a reasonable price for ultimate integration. Not in order to be on equal terms with the United States as a European Third Force—for that is clearly out of the question—but to be on something more like equal terms. It is a matter of consolidating and subordinating regional systems organically.

My last question to the Old Man had to do with his idea of the EDC as the nucleus of a Third Force that would act as a partner for the United States and the other nations of the free world. "Yes," he answered. "Look here: the date 1900—regarded historically, that wasn't very long ago at all. At the beginning of this century the strongest sea power in the world was England, the strongest land power in the world was Germany. Where are England and Germany today? At that time America was neither a land power nor a sea power and it did not possess a foreign service. The Americans did not even concern themselves with foreign policy. Now America has almost the whole cornucopia of power. And every form of power, like every form of wealth, brings responsibilities with it, responsibilities not only for oneself but for others as well. America helped us and we are infinitely grateful to her. But this is not enough. America must not merely give orders in the appropriate fashion, she must lead."

The Old Man made it very clear that this advice applied particularly to NATO.

ADENAUER'S book does not reveal the man. He probably does not exist as a private character or even as a great man in the sense Winston Churchill did. His personal makeup was not formed mainly by his personal experiences. *Der Spiegel* has noted that Adenauer's aversions are almost always ambiguous. "On the one hand they are easily recognizable as personal emotions. But on closer scrutiny they often reveal themselves to be forms of expression of deeply rooted historical and spiritual enmities whose significance extends and portends far beyond the personal." Considering the last sixty years of European history—and particularly German history—it is small wonder. But Adenauer's book does reveal his work and its nature. The Federal Republic of Germany is an interim solution to the German problem. Its provisional structure renders it capable of adapting itself to future developments, and it rests not on a juridical formula or a territorial claim but on a vision which a very old man formed in his youth and has cherished all his long life and which he continues to pursue with every ounce of his inexhaustible energy.

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Lindsay Challenges The Port Authority

EDWARD T. CHASE

ONCE AGAIN the controversial and powerful forty-five-year-old Port of New York Authority, one of the principal agencies responsible for transportation facilities in the New York metropolitan area, is being subjected to major public scrutiny. The occasion for the present review is an eleventh-hour look at the Port Authority's plans to take over thirteen city blocks on sixteen acres at the lower western tip of Manhattan to build a "World Trade Center." With twin buildings, each a hundred feet taller than the Empire State Building, the center would be the world's largest office complex. It would be five times as big as its nearest rival, the Pan Am Building, and would cost between half a billion and a billion dollars.

What has been until now a behind-the-scenes struggle broke into the open early this month when Austin J. Tobin, the Executive Director of the Port Authority, accused Mayor John V. Lindsay's administration of making "preposterous" demands "designed to block and frustrate" the World Trade Center project. These demands, Tobin claimed, would cost the P.A. in excess of $3 billion over the ninety-nine-year period of the center's lease. Though Tobin's statement can be viewed partly as a diversionary tactic, it also highlights the fact that the controversy over the role of the Port Authority grows more acrimonious as it grows more central to the future of the city.

THE FIRST of the great autonomous public authorities, the P.A. was created in 1921 by a bistate compact between New York and New Jersey. Its purpose was to provide the metropolitan area, defined as the region within a twenty-five-mile radius of the Statue of Liberty, with the best and most efficient transportation system possible, with no restrictions as to kinds of facilities. The compact specified that this function was to be carried out within a self-supporting framework. Since 1921, the P.A. has become the largest transportation authority in the country, with assets of $1,787,886,000, a gross operating income of $178,600,000 last year, and a net operating income of $79,700,000.

This income, all of it tax-exempt, is derived mainly from a complex of six toll bridges and tunnels, four airports and two heliports, six marine terminals, a bus terminal, three truck terminals, and a melange of smaller facilities ranging from a horse-training track and an "animal airport" to a hotel and several apartment buildings.

The belated but feverish review of the P.A.'s newest and most grandiose project includes recently completed public hearings before the New York City Council and before a special "negotiating committee" appointed by Mayor Lindsay and headed by Deputy Mayor Robert Price. The latter is attempting to negotiate an official agreement between the city and the P.A. specifying in particular how much money the P.A. will pay the city in lieu of taxes. Since the P.A. is answerable only to the New York and New Jersey governors and legislatures, the mayor has little leverage to work with. The one thing he can do, and is doing, is to withhold City Hall's permission to close the downtown streets on which the Trade Center will be built.

State-level reviews are also being conducted and there has been a rash of protests from various citizens' groups. This airing of the P.A.'s plans and activities could not be more timely. The new Lindsay administration is fighting to achieve two major goals: a unified transportation system based on pooling of resources and a revenue program adequate to maintain the city's essential public services. What the P.A. does or does not do has a decisive bearing on both goals. The controversy is also beginning to attract national attention because it symbolizes two themes central to urban development: how to devise sufficiently comprehensive "master" plans for America's growing metropolitan areas; and the proper roles of public authorities with their tax and subsidy privileges, extraordinary rights of eminent domain, and freedom from any electoral control or really effective governmental review.

An Unpressing Necessity

The P.A.'s ostensible purpose in building its center is to increase New York's world trade. The rationale for the buildings is that they will house the vast bulk of trading operations in an efficient and centralized location, operations that are now dispersed throughout Manhattan. But critics of the center question both whether that is the P.A.'s real purpose and whether it will, in fact, prove a benefit to the city as a whole.

They warn that the center will have a devastating impact on real-estate values on Manhattan Island and they also protest the potential

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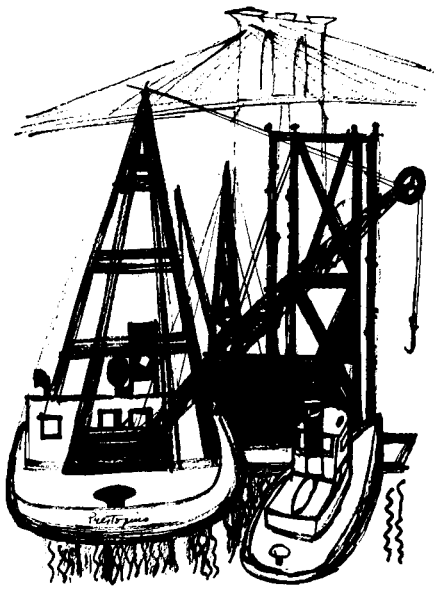
loss to the city of tax revenues from so vast a tax-exempt undertaking, especially at a time when revenue is desperately needed and other institutions and people are about to be taxed more heavily. Then, too, there are the heavy expenses that the city will have to bear in providing public services to the center. Finally, they point to the widespread denunciation of the architectural effect of the twin towers on the city's skyline.

The case for the center has been pressed with Tobin's customary efficiency and a massive public-relations campaign. Its point is that although "world trade is the lifeblood of the economy" of the New York metropolitan region, the city's pre-eminence as a port has been diminishing. Tobin suggests that the new center can reverse the trend by providing a central marketplace for foreign-trade business. Moreover, he argues, this center will provide employment for fifty thousand people and its construction will involve $200 million in wages for some seven thousand to eight thousand workers. The city will further benefit by exchanging what the P.A. considers a relatively minor and deteriorating commercial area for a new commercial complex boasting two record-breaking skyscrapers. Finally, Tobin emphasizes that the New Jersey and New York legislatures have passed the proper enabling legislation, the center's constitutionality so far has been upheld by the courts, and operations have progressed so far that it would be costly to change plans at this late date, some four years after the project's inception.

TOBIN's arguments are by no means irrefutable. To begin with, as expert testimony has brought out, the relative decline of New York's share of world trade is not attributable to any dispersion throughout Manhattan of the firms and institutions doing international business. Telephones and messenger services serve them adequately, and the accelerating use of electronic data-processing equipment will easily handle any conceivable increase in communications traffic. The port's decline reflects rather the relative growth of other Atlantic and Gulf ports, aided by rate differentials on rail traffic that no longer favor New York; the impact of the new St. Lawrence Seaway; New York's deteriorating pier and dock facilities, which increase handling costs; higher labor, trucking, and storage charges; and traffic congestion.

As Paul W. Douglas, the president of Sulphur Export Corporation, has testified: "It is self-evident that new office space cannot improve a port, sell more goods and services, or result in one extra ton of cargo going in or out of New York. The P.A. cites as its official justification for the project the concept of 'centralized accommodation of trade services.' This



is an outmoded and aggressive concept and will not reduce costs or improve efficiency for its tenants or trade except to the extent that subsidies are provided for the project by the City of New York in the form of special tax and land privileges." The New York City Planning Commission's March, 1966, report to Mayor Lindsay evaluating the P.A. project took much the same position: "The World Trade Center obviously does not provide the answers to the critical cry for modernized port facilities to meet growing competition in a period of revolutionary technological changes in marine transportation."

Much the same conclusion had been reached twenty years earlier by the World Trade Center Corporation, a public corporation created by the state legislature to investigate the need for and feasibility of a world trade center featuring exhibit space. The Port of New York Authority itself concurred in the corporation's negative verdict at that time, reporting to the mayor that such a center was unnecessary and unfeasible.

The truth is that, despite intensive solicitation by the P.A. over the past several years, including expensive junkets by P.A. officials to Europe and Asia, there has been little support for the center from those it is intended to serve. The City Council hearings on May 2 revealed that none of the ninety foreign consulates and trade commissions invited to be tenants has signed up. Of 779 customs brokers and freight forwarders, only ninety-eight have provided letters of intent to rent (with no legal obligation). Of 106 banks with international activities, only twelve have expressed interest in taking office space. Of several hundred steamship, airline cargo, and waterway operators, railroads, and trucking firms, only sixty are interested in taking space. Of 5,100 exporters, only 108 have expressed interest; of 4,200 importers, only forty-eight; and of one hundred trade promotion and import services, twenty-four.

At this rate it is hard to see how the P.A. proposes to fill an office complex of ten million square feet, the equivalent of thirty-five average office buildings and totaling more rentable space than now exists in any U.S. city except Chicago and New York. Indeed, as a result of the P.A.'s evasiveness on this score at the City Council hearings as well as its failure to spell out the actual cause-and-effect relationship between the center and any alleged specific growth target in New York's share of world trade, some searching questions arise: What is this all about? What are the true motivations at work? How can the P.A. be confident that the World Trade Center will not be a white elephant?

Calling the Shots

There are several answers to the first question. First, the proposal is generally recognized to be part of a deal. When the idea for a World Trade Center was revived in 1960 by the Downtown Lower Manhattan Association, headed by

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David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank, the P.A. hoped to take on the center unburdened. But the New Jersey legislature would not go along unless the P.A. consented to the ownership, rehabilitation, and operation of the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad, which it had been trying to get the P.A. to take on for a decade. The H.&M., better known as the Hudson Tubes, is the mass-transit rail linkage between New York and New Jersey. It was once a profitable line carrying 113 million riders a year. But with the shift to automobile transportation, which has been greatly encouraged by the P.A.'s tunnels and toll bridges, H.&M.'s patronage has dropped to thirty million passengers and it has been losing from $6 million to $10 million a year. Since it was estimated that the net take of the center from fees and rentals could run to $26 million annually, a sum that would overcompensate magnificently for any Hudson Tubes losses, the P.A. decided that the deal was a very attractive one.

The deal has some other attractions for the P.A.—attractions pinpointed by Morris Handel, former executive assistant to the city Corporation Counsel, in a memorandum to the City Administrator. Handel notes that the enabling legislation not only gives the P.A. "*complete discretion* [his italics] as to the amount it will pay 'in lieu of taxes' " but also excludes from consideration in setting this amount any areas of the center that the P.A., by its own definition, may judge are devoted to "public services." The P.A. can call the shots just as it pleases.

Finally, and this is the most crucial and far-reaching aspect of the deal, the legislation restricts New York and New Jersey from ever again directing the P.A. to take responsibility for any rail operations liable to incur substantial deficits. This provision serves to free the P.A. from the necessity of carrying out the underlying philosophy of its originating charter—that all transportation facilities should be effectively co-ordinated for balanced regional development.

The P.A.'s confidence in the profit potential of the center is grounded largely on its status as a tax-exempt corporation. The P.A. can finance construction with tax-exempt bonds at low interest rates—bonds secured by its bridge and tunnel tolls that have paid for these facilities many times over but continue to be paid, apparently in perpetuity.

In lieu of paying taxes, the P.A. first offered to give the city a token $1.2 million annually. Since regular tax payment to the city for privately owned buildings of the size and area of the center would be about $25 million, Mayor Lindsay rejected the offer. The P.A. has now suggested a figure of $4 million, as opposed to the $13.7 million the city is asking. The new P.A. figure is characterized in the official report of the New York City Council's Committee on City Affairs following its May 2 hearings as "grossly inadequate and unfair."

ALTHOUGH the P.A. harps upon the idea that the buildings will be a World Trade Center, it is in fact proceeding with the center as if it were a regular commercial office-building real-estate deal: it refuses to make an unequivocal prohibition against occupancy by private firms wholly unrelated to world trade, as realtors have requested. Thus it can offer anyone space not only at going rentals (anywhere from $4 to $9.50 a square foot) but, if necessary, at cut rates made possible by the economies a tax-exempt organization enjoys.

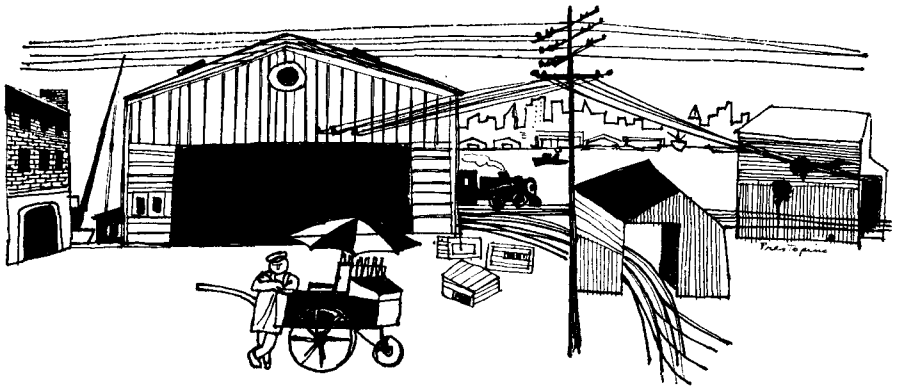
Secondly, the P.A. will move its own organization into the center from its present fifteen-story building. And within a week of the announcement of the final plans for the center, David Rockefeller's brother Nelson announced that all New York State offices in the city would move into the center, despite their lack of involvement in export-import activities. The United States government will also move its Customs Service into the center. All told, nearly a quarter of the center's tenants will be civil servants.

This leaves about four million square feet unrented and in direct competition with privately built real estate, more than the equivalent of the entire average annual footage (three million) that has been built in all Manhattan in the continuing postwar building boom. The impact on the real-estate market will be profound, and some experts believe it will be cataclysmic.

What particularly galls real-estate men is that the center will include a three-hundred-room hotel atop one of the buildings (when many older privately owned New York hotels are suffering financially) and a garage for five thousand cars, greatly in excess of tenants' needs. The impact of the center on city services can be imagined when it is considered that it will produce a veritable city within a city of some 150,000 people.

Institutional Narcissism

How has the P.A. managed to prosper so long without encountering more effective public opposition? The explanation is complex and involves the politics of urban development since the post-First World War period. In the 1920's and the Depression-blighted 1930's, tax-exempt public authorities with privileges of eminent domain made great contributions in constructing essential urban facilities. They were free from conventional political pressures and seemed to be the answer to the paralysis and local jealousies resulting from the competition among the numerous com-



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munities in metropolitan regions.

But with the immense growth and interdependence of the metropolitan areas since the war, a public authority's capacity to co-operate with other agencies has become critical. Here is where the P.A.—and the philosophy of autonomy and bondholder protection that underlies the authority approach—has been at fault. Because the P.A. is required by law to maintain its financial self-sufficiency, it has tended to promote transportation facilities likely to make a profit, in particular those for automobiles. Nonetheless the P.A. has exceeded its mandate and all through its history has fought to avoid undertaking any responsibilities in the rail-transit field, even when its revenues from bridge and tunnel tolls could easily absorb any losses so incurred.

The P.A. persists in this course even though all contemporary evidence points to the fact that efficient urban transportation must be balanced and unified, even if some modes—mass rail transit, for instance—may be losing propositions. Last winter's transit strike in New York City demonstrated vividly that the city's very survival depends on an efficient mass transportation system.

The power of the P.A. to go its own way is fortified not only by its independent financial resources but also by its political autonomy. Elaborating on this theme, Professors Wallace Sayre and Herbert Kaufman write in their study, *Governing New York City*:

"First, the authorities do not have to undergo the public budget hearings before the Board of Estimate, at which so many of the pressures on ordinary line agencies are brought to bear. Second, the authorities do not have to defend their plans and projected expenditures to budget and fiscal officers of the city or any other government. . . . Third, they are not exposed to deprivations of income through appropriations delays or slashes, a common means of subduing line agencies. Fourth, they are not limited by the detailed appropriation items of the regular expense budget of the city. In sum, their operating policy decisions, as these are reflected in their budgets, are made internally rather than in dealings with outside agencies and

officials, in private rather than in public, and the authorities are the undisputed masters of their own operating resources."

The fact that the P.A. is a two-state creature has effectively insulated it from municipal pressures as well as from effective control by the one state or the other. That is why, for example, Governor Rockefeller is unlikely to be able to force the P.A. to be part of his latest scheme, announced June 2, to create a regional mass transportation agency through amalgamating the various rail and highway authorities of the New York metropolitan region. The political difficulties that arise when two state legislatures and two governors are involved (especially when their political party affiliations differ) are well-nigh insuperable, in view of the P.A.'s penchant for playing off one political faction against another.

THE BISTATE character of the P.A. limits Lindsay's options just as severely. Recently the New York *Times* observed that the P.A. "has become a virtually autonomous power as far as the city is concerned. City Hall can negotiate with the Port Authority, plead with it, even cajole with it, but it cannot make it do anything it doesn't want to do." This is almost but not quite the whole truth. In the specific case of the World Trade Center, the mayor's most potent weapon is the fact that ultimately the city (i.e., the Board of Estimate and the mayor) must approve the closing of the city streets on the land required for construction. As the *Times* noted in a quotation from one of Deputy Mayor Price's team, "If it weren't for the street closing he needs for the Trade Center, Tobin wouldn't be giving us the time of day. We know it and he knows it."

Perhaps the saddest aspect of the P.A.'s autonomy is that its immensely able executive director, Austin Tobin, has deprived the city of the benefit of the P.A.'s unmatched power to help rectify New York's horrendous transportation mess. Tobin (whose salary of $60,000 a year is exceeded only by the President among government officials) is too sophisticated politically to echo Robert Moses's jeer of "hogwash" to demands for the pooling of resources and co-ordination of transportation plans. But the effect is the same. Critics of the P.A. like Adolf A. Berle note that Tobin's fears about "breaking faith" with his bondholders could be eased by arranging for the states to undertake the liability of the P.A.'s long-term bonds. But in his long career with the P.A.—he worked his way up from a starting clerk—Tobin has concentrated exclusively on strengthening the P.A. no matter what the cost to the city's basic needs in transportation. There is no indication that he will change his position. In fact, the P.A. has announced that it is thinking of building another bridge across the Hudson when the World Trade Center is completed. Once again, apparently, rubber will triumph over rails.

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By Fernando Krahn

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The Writing on the Rock

NOEL MOSTERT

LONDON

THE ANGLO-SPANISH conference in progress here to discuss the future of the Rock of Gibraltar is more than a mere postscript to the story of a classic fortress and symbol of power. It is one of the most important diplomatic negotiations ever conducted between the two nations, being as much a discussion of their respective destinies and influence and advantages in a changing Europe as about the Rock itself. There is a real danger of a complete breakdown in Anglo-Spanish relations if these talks fail. This would have a serious impact not only upon Spain and Britain and their precarious economies but upon the rest of Europe and the western alliance as well.

Behind the whole question lies the restless, dissident mood now prevailing through most of Europe, of which President de Gaulle's defection from NATO is one manifestation. A new shape is emerging, and there is an undercurrent of excitement about it. No one knows exactly what the new shape will be, but it is becoming increasingly clear that Spain, encouraged by France, will play a stronger and more competitive role in it. Britain's future is far less assured. An acute apprehension of the changing pattern of Europe, with a sense of being caught in a chronically unequal struggle for a competitive role on the Continent, is now guiding Britain's policy and forcing it to reconsider some long-cherished concepts.

Gibraltar has assumed immediate importance for Spain for several reasons. First of all, it provides an emotive distraction from serious domestic problems in a country now racing with considerable success to catch up with the century. Secondly, General Franco's intimations of mortality increase his desire to retrieve the Rock as a nonpartisan memorial to the nation. But more important than either of those considerations, the struggle to regain Gibraltar reflects Spain's intention to drive a hard bargain with a Europe and a western alliance that have coldly and unreservedly rejected it for the past twenty-five years but no longer can afford to do so.

Industrial expansion and the rapid rise of living standards have made Spain the Continent's most promising new export market and investment opportunity. The competition is fierce. This situation has given Spain a sudden and powerful leverage of which it has taken prompt advantage. For the first time in a very long while, Spain is acting with verve and ebullience in the mainstream of international diplomacy instead of standing by, defensively truculent.

DE GAULLE regards Spain as a strong potential ally for what he wishes to achieve in Europe and is pursuing an assiduous courtship, championing an associate membership for Spain in the Common Market despite the cool responses of Belgium, Holland, and Italy. West Germany, with its own considerable financial stake in Spain, seems to be favorable, and in some circles Spain's chances are considered equal to or even better than Britain's. Spain at least is not equivocal about its desire to be in.

When West German Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder recently visited Madrid, his Spanish counterpart, Fernando María Castiella, clearly indicated that Spain was no longer satisfied to be taken for granted; outstanding disputes with its European neighbors must be settled. There was no doubt about what he meant, nor about where he hoped pressure might be applied. The same line has been taken with Washington. Now that the United States has lost its French bases, it wants stronger assurance of its Spanish ones. Apparently Washington has been bluntly advised that putting the diplomatic screws on Britain about Gibraltar is the best way of getting such assurance.

Gibraltar has thus become a crucial pawn in several European power plays for reasons which no one anticipated and which have nothing whatsoever to do with its original strategic value. Militarily, the Rock is as dead as the dodo and nobody pretends otherwise. What started as an exasperating but confined squabbling point between the Continent's two principal outsiders has enlarged to something that threatens to affect the balance of the new Europe. For Britain and Spain to engage in recriminations, sanctions, and, not inconceivably, force against one another is an altogether intolerable concept. First, it would push Spain closer to France and de Gaulle's policies, and would seriously affect both Britain's and Spain's positions with the Common Market. In addition, a confrontation with Spain would be a serious financial burden for Britain, which can scarcely afford even the minimal garrison it maintains in Gibraltar at present. And Britain's commitments elsewhere, possibly including West Germany, would be affected, further weakening the West.

Both Britain and Spain have made it abundantly clear that they do not want the thing to go too far. But they stand deadlocked on honorable points of principle that would seem to make collision inevitable—Spain's that Gibraltar is Spanish territorially and historically; Britain's that the sovereignty of the twenty-five thousand native Gibraltarians is not negotiable. On these points both sides have spoken

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with reason and conviction: there have even been moments when the exchange has sounded like a noble debate. But these have been rare; principle has not been raised nearly so often as jingoistic emotion.

Hostile Labourites

Animosity against Franco has remained stronger in British political circles than almost anywhere else, especially among the Labourites. Until recently, Spain could scarcely have been treated here as an equal, let alone deferred to as a nation holding some trumps, which everyone now grudgingly recognizes to be the position. Yet, by 1963, when Spain first brought up the issue of Gibraltar at the United Nations, it was already in the throes of change. Franco's succession was a serious topic in Spain as well as throughout Europe, and it was clear that Britain and Europe might be treating with a more democratic régime in Madrid at some point within the foreseeable future.

For the British, Spain was already their chief foreign holiday playground. Each summer a million of them took twenty million pounds sterling into the country. British business was moving in massively. British exports to Spain had nearly trebled in three years and were running at more than £60 million annually.

No one who was in Madrid in October, 1964, when the matter of Gibraltar was under discussion at the U.N., doubted that the crisis could have been talked out. There is every indication that Spain initiated the matter seriously enough but saw it as a protracted business to gain essential publicity for the ultimate goal, with no real conviction of much early success. Principally, it wanted its claim on the record, especially since Britain in April that year had given the Rock a large measure of self-government—retaining control of defense and external affairs—and to Spain the idea of the colony graduating to independence was insupportable.

But Madrid also had been made unhappy by another incident that spring when the British Labour Party, then in opposition, had severely criticized the sale of naval frigates to Spain, whereupon the Spanish government broke off talks with Britain on the $50-million naval construction program. Labour came into power about the same time that Spain was raising the Gibraltar question at the U.N., and within a week the new government withdrew from a combined Anglo-Spanish naval exercise which the Spanish Navy had set much store by. The Spanish for their part threw down a virtually total blockade of Gibraltar, and since then Gibraltar's business, which is mainly tourism, has fallen forty per cent. The vehemence and pettiness of the blockade—refusal even for altar wine to cross for Gibraltar's cathedral, imposition of duty upon workmen's sandwiches, delays of up to

eight hours for cars wanting to cross the border—is consistent with the sort of bruised pride which the Spanish so easily and deeply suffer but more especially with the rude shock felt by someone making an urgent bid for acceptance and finding himself unceremoniously rejected.

The Spanish certainly read the naval episode as an ultimatum from the Labour Party that they should expect little comfort from Britain, and this seemed amply confirmed by the reaction in Britain to their blockade of the Rock. Not since Suez had comparable talk been heard. Counteraction was fiercely proposed from both sides in the British Parliament, with suggestions of stopping British tourists from going to Spain, imposing currency and trade restrictions, and even the use of force.

The Last Symbol

The British have felt more sentiment and affection for the Rock than almost any other remnant of empire. They have had it far longer than almost anything else—it is 262 years since Admiral Rooke claimed it for Queen Anne during the War of the Spanish Succession—and it became the quintessential symbol of British power. To such a degree has Gibraltar's spell persisted that even in these days when Britain has withdrawn from every major possession and most of the minor ones as well, no one would have supposed that the Rock was negotiable. As Colin Legum, Commonwealth correspondent of the London *Observer,* recently remarked, for the British Left such a move would spell abdication to Franco, and for the Right "destruction of the triptych of unchanging British values incorporating the Royal Family, the Bank of England and the Rock of Gibraltar."

Ever since the Spanish blockade started, the British government has stoutly insisted that there could be no discussion with Spain under duress. As late as January 4 British Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart repeated the government's position: no talk under pressure, no talk at all about the sovereignty of Gibraltar. Then on February 28, Stewart announced that unconditional talks would begin. Perhaps by coincidence, perhaps not, this followed by a few days a harsh review of Britain's overseas commitments and the announcement of cuts in the Middle East and Mediterranean forces.

American pressure for an interim settlement certainly influenced Britain's change of mind on holding talks—as did the realization that the money Britons spend in Spain as tourists is not the weapon they thought it was. (French tourists now outnumber and outspend the British five to one.) There is also the fact that the number of expatriate Britons living on the Costa del Sol alone exceeds the population of Gibraltar. What would their position be in a showdown?

More than likely it was the combined effect of these considerations and a belated awareness of Spain's mounting advantages in Europe, not to speak of the fact that Britain in the long run might lose more in any breakdown between them, that induced Whitehall to change its mind.

Before leaving Madrid for London, Señor Castiella foresaw "long and difficult" talks and added that the results would be either "lasting friendship or Spain's profound re-

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sentment." The two sides should not be handicapped by "Armadas of the mind or political emotions like those of the thirties." If Britain rejected the Spanish claim to Gibraltar, the Spanish people would fight tenaciously for the "restoration of their national integrity." But at almost the same moment Michael Stewart was unequivocally assuring Sir Joshua Hassan, Gibraltar's chief minister, who had flown in for consultation before the talks, that Gibraltar's sovereignty was by no means negotiable. When Stewart and Castiella finally met on May 18 and began the talks, they were painfully aware that their contradictory principles might push them where neither wished to go.

'We Are British'

Britain's dilemma is bizarre, for it is dealing with a colony that has become sullenly restive, with even an overt murmur of violence in the air, because it doesn't wish to be decolonialized. "British we are, British we stay," the Gibraltarians write all over their town's walls. Their emotions are such that they staged a minor riot last year when the British naval commander on the Rock went across to Spain one Sunday to play polo.

When the British seized the Rock in 1704, the original Spanish inhabitants abandoned the fortress for San Roque, a nearby town, where their title deeds and family documents still are filed. Spain still maintains that the descendants of these people are the rightful inhabitants of the Rock. The Treaty of Utrecht specified that no Jews or Moors were to be given residence on the Rock (Chief Minister Sir Joshua Hassan is Jewish, a fact that has not escaped the notice of the Spanish press, which sometimes has revealed a nasty tone of anti-Semitism moving below the surface of its comments on Gibraltar), but the British gradually brought in Genoese, Portuguese, Spaniards, and eventually Jews and Moors and Hindus, to serve as merchants, craftsmen, and fishermen. These in turn received a strong infusion of British garrison blood over the years. They have grown into the present community of twenty-five thousand that now regards the Rock as home. Overwhelmingly Catholic, they are mainly Spanish in appearance and character, and are largely Spanish-speaking, though the rich and the professional classes affect to be as British as possible.

While the Spanish influence upon their outlook and temperament seems to be complete, they nonetheless possess a distinct identity of their own. This is understandable since they have privileges—a free judiciary, free speech, free trade unions, and democratic politics—that are not to be found in Iberia. They have also long been accustomed to a prosperity that is only just beginning to be sensed in the adjoining Andalusian *campo*.

The Spanish used the anti-colonial movement at the U.N. to raise the issue of Gibraltar, pleading its anachronism as the last colony left in Europe. In the tradition now established at the U.N., decolonization supposes the realization of the wishes

of the majority of the natives. Yet Gibraltarians don't wish to be Spanish or to lose their present autonomy with its distinctively British and democratic characteristics. Can they be handed over against their will, as a sort of ritual sacrifice to the well-being of the two major powers involved? And if they were, would Spain really want this dissident community added to its other domestic problems?

ACTUALLY, Spaniards manifest a profound distaste for the Gibraltarians and regard them as the descendants of camp followers of the British. A remarkable feature of the Gibraltar campaign in the Spanish press has been the relative absence of any anti-British tone: the abuse has all been directed at the Gibraltarians. Foreign Minister Castiella has offered the Gibraltarians retention of British nationality, security in their jobs, and freedom of religion, but no guarantees of the community's ultimate future. Perhaps none is envisaged, the hope being some form of mass emigration to Britain or resettlement elsewhere.

Spain's obvious indifference to the fate of the Gibraltarians has weakened its case. It has concentrated on long legal arguments about British infringements of the Treaty of Utrecht and how these have nullified British title to the Rock. But this, the British contend, is irrelevant, the only relevant matter really being the sovereignty of the Gibraltarians. And on this Britain is adamant: the question is not open for discussion. So where do they go from there?

Not to the United Nations, if either of them can help it. Britain already feels it went too far in asking for United Nations authority on its oil blockade of Rhodesia, and Spain has even more interesting reasons.

Spain's resort to the U.N. to internationalize the Gibraltar issue already shows a danger of backfiring, mainly because of the most curious omission in this whole affair —one which, though not bearing immediately on the issue, may well do so in the future. This is Spain's determined retention of two enclaves on Morocco's Mediterranean coast, the ancient cities of Ceuta and Melilla. It was from the Melilla barracks that Franco launched the military uprising that precipitated the civil war in 1936. On the day the present Anglo-Spanish talks opened in London, the Moroccan newspaper *Al Alam* compared Britain's readiness to negotiate over Gibraltar with Spain's refusal to negotiate over Ceuta and Melilla. Morocco had the same problem with Spain that Spain had with Britain; by agreeing to talk, Britain was adapting itself to the spirit of the century, the paper said.

Spain's real concern at the United Nations, however, is that attention will focus beyond Ceuta and Melilla on its almost-forgotten colony to the south of Morocco, Spanish Sahara and Ifni, where a major search for oil is under way and where American capital is to exploit a huge phosphates discovery. Spain recently announced "self-government" for the territory, but little is known about what this means or to whom it has been granted.

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Both sides are anxious to avoid a disastrous breach in Anglo-Spanish relations and are hoping for some escape from deadlock. There have been suggestions of a condominium with Spain, or of a principality guaranteed by Britain and Spain. The example of Andorra on the Franco-Spanish frontier is frequently cited. Its laws would be its own, with Britain and Spain participating in its economic, military, and cultural side. Another proposal, lobbied by powerful joint British-Spanish financial interests, is for a free port under a joint administration. Franco himself has suggested that Britain should cede the Rock and then lease it back from Spain.

Britain could not maintain a siege indefinitely, and Gibraltar for its part could not live tolerably under a permanent blockade from its neighbor; some association with Spain is essential to its development and progress. So compromise seems inevitable, if only to buy time for tempers to cool; some arrangement whereby the Gibraltarians retain their autonomy while accepting some form of Spanish "presence" would seem the only sensible course. As one source here put it: "Emotion is never long-sighted, and whatever emerges in the distant future may be quite different to what anyone imagines now or would dare to, so all we can do at the moment is keep talking." Or, as someone else bitterly remarked in Gibraltar, "The writing is on the Rock."

The University Lobbyists

MARK LEVY

In the past three years a new kind of lobbyist has appeared in Washington—the agent of a college or university. About a dozen such university lobbyists are working in the capital now, representing institutions as diverse as the vast University of California and tiny Elmira College in upstate New York. They all seek Federal money for education and research, a prize that is expected to total about $5 billion by next year.

Until recently the universities relied on a combination of institutional prestige, informal contacts, and administrators' shuttle flights to Washington to get Federal funds. The attitude of the big universities was best expressed by a spokesman for Harvard who said that it "does not have a full-time representative in Washington for grant procurement and Federal liaison work, nor have we ever considered nor are we considering a Washington office for such work."

Even now, of the top ten institutions receiving grants, only the University of California has a full-time man in Washington. But as the number and complexity of Federal programs has increased, so has the number of university lobbyists.

Some universities have found that a Washington lawyer alumnus can supply the required services. For example, Douglas Whitlock, a partner in Whitlock, Markey & Tait, whose clients include Firestone Tire & Rubber and the Automatic Canteen Company of America, acts as a representative of his alma mater, Indiana, in Washington. Sometimes faculty members studying the national government or "interning" with public officials develop useful knowledge and contacts. Others come to this new profession with a variety of backgrounds. James C. Messersmith, who represents the College Center of the Finger Lakes of New York (an association of six small colleges in upstate New York), once worked for the Office of Education. Mark Ferber of the University of California holds a Ph.D. in political science and was a professor at Rutgers. Rowan A. Wakefield of the State University of New York served in State Department and AID education programs. Most have spent time on the campus as faculty members or as administrators.

The university lobbyist reports on his Washington activities to a university bureaucrat. That official, sometimes called Vice-President for Research and Advanced Studies, Vice-President for Educational Development, or Vice-President for Research Administration, is the campus co-ordinator of Federal funds. Research proposals and grant applications filter through the academic and administrative hierarchies to his office. There the routine paper work is handled. Rarely is the university lobbyist involved directly in processing those papers.

Instead the lobbyist's function on the campus is to inform the researchers and administrators about the latest Federal programs and regulations. "My job is largely one of keeping tabs on the Federal scene and making sure my people at the university know what is going on," one university agent said. But because some fifty agencies and major administrative subdivisions dispense funds for education and research, knowing what is going on is a full-time job. Often the university agent seeks friendships and informal working relations with the men who administer the funds.

One lobbyist tells how a friendship with a high civil servant led to a rich contract. "I knew that he was drawing up guidelines for the proposals, and I also knew that his agency was in a hurry to get the project under way. The guy and I had worked together before. I was able to discuss the guidelines with him before they were published, and because we were first with the proposal, we got the contract."

But for the most part, the university lobbyists are reluctant to discuss such intimate techniques of their trade. Few will disclose the exact amounts that their efforts yield in Federal dollars for their universities. Even California's Ferber, representative of an institution that receives more than $300 million annually in Federal funds, tries to play down his role as a money broker. "I don't think any one man can take complete credit for any single grant," he said. But when pressed to reveal his accomplishments for California, Ferber conceded that a recent grant of $6.9 million for a building program for California's eight undergraduate schools was the result of his "understanding the way

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the Federal program worked and putting the right people in touch with each other."

Not all of the university lobbyist's time is spent seeking or administering Federal funds. Sometimes he must carry out delicate negotiations involving controversial public policies. Recently, Mark Ferber raised a complaint of several University of California faculty scientists that is having repercussions at the highest levels of the State Department. The scientists at the university's San Diego campus had invited a group of their Eastern European colleagues to visit in order to discuss common research problems. But because of the large naval installations nearby, the government refused the foreign scientists permission to travel to San Diego. Ferber discussed California's problem with the National Academy of Science, which has long been concerned with the problem of travel restrictions. As a result, the Academy informally brought the matter to the attention of the office of State Department Under Secretary George Ball. There are indications that some loosening of such restrictions is imminent.

Making Sure They Know

Sometimes a representative of a university must spend much time explaining the very existence of his school. Rowan Wakefield of the State University of New York said, "I have a very difficult time convincing people that we are not the City University of New York and not even New York University." Institutional identity is important for SUNY because its more than eleven thousand teachers and administrators desire a share of Federal research and training funds. It is not enough for it to buy a ready-made reputation by hiring, say, Nobel Prize physicist C. N. Yang. The people in Washington who put together research advisory panels and award one-of-a-kind research contracts must know about the school. Part of Wakefield's job is to make sure that they do know.

Sometimes the man in Washington may ask for help from the campus. For example, recently Health, Education and Welfare changed the language in its standard research contract to provide for pre-publication "clearance" of research reports financed by the agency. The changed contract was noticed by several university lobbyists, and high-ranking administrators of four schools affected were rushed to Washington to object to the department's attempted censorship. After a meeting between the university officials and Francis Keppel, then Commissioner of Education, the clearance requirement was dropped. That meeting had been arranged, of course, by the university lobbyists.

Most university lobbyists prefer not to call themselves by that name. None of those interviewed by this writer were registered under the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946 and not one knew of any other university representative who might be. The 1946 act in effect requires registration and reporting of lobbying activities by individuals or groups who raise money for the principal purpose of influencing legislation. As one said, "We spend most of our time working with the Executive branch of government, not in trying to influence legislation." So far there is no evidence that the Justice Department would disagree.

But in fact university lobbyists do spend some time with and presumably do attempt to influence members of Congress. Legislators in Washington take great pride in announcing contracts awarded in their home districts, and there are strong political pressures to distribute existing funds more widely. Midwestern colleges, backed by state political leaders, are now making a concerted drive to get more of the Federal dollar. It is no accident that three of the final six sites now under consideration for the multi-million-dollar bevatron atom smasher are in the Midwest. Few Congressmen, however, have the time or the staff to go after the grants. The university lobbyist can provide the Congressman with expert knowledge, not only of what is needed but of the grant-getting machinery that will do the job.

BY AIDING Congressmen, the university lobbyist builds up political credits that can be cashed in later for legislative favors. For instance, Representative John V. Tunney, whose district includes the Riverside campus of the University of California, was asked recently to sponsor a bill to exempt a costly piece of scientific equipment, purchased by the school in Japan, from the twelve per cent import duty. Tunney has introduced the bill and if it is approved, his law will save the university nearly $10,000. (Such private bills may soon be unnecessary; Congress is considering legislation that would make the importation of all such educational and cultural materials duty-free.)

Certainly the most important legislative favor an education lobbyist can ask is a vote in support of higher education. But here the role of the individual university representative is limited. As one lobbyist said, "I think we can help our friends and reinforce their convictions, but it's just about impossible to change the minds of our enemies."

And even though the university lobbyist can solicit votes from some members of the home-state Congressional delegation, he is in no position to influence all of Congress. Instead, groups such as the American Council on Education, a federation of education associations and universities, attempt to present a united higher-education front to the entire Congress. As John Morse, Federal liaison man for ACE, said, "I cannot imagine that an individual school would make a pitch directly to Congress without clearing it first with us."

Another limit on the value of accumulated political credits is self-imposed by the lobbyists, for many are reluctant to ask a Congressman to put pressure on the bureaucrats. Routine Congressional letters of inquiry asking about the status of a project carry little weight, and the bureaucrat may be annoyed by the "unprofessionalism" of such an inquiry from a non-academic source. One respected lobbyist said, "I've been in Washington long enough to know not to ask a Congressman to put the screws on. If he did, I might never be able to work informally with the agency again."

Depending upon how you want to cut the pie, you get different estimates of how much money is tagged for higher education and research. For fiscal 1965, the Office of

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Education reports that a total of $3.7 billion in Federal funds went to the support of higher education. Included in that figure are $1.2 billion in research and development funds from agencies such as the National Institutes of Health, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the National Science Foundation; $712 million for student loans and scholarships; $1.2 billion for construction of new buildings and equipment; $427 million for Federal schools and employee training; $101 million for institutional grants; and $28 million for veterans' education. In fiscal 1967 there will be even more for the university lobbyist to seek. President Johnson's budget calls for $10.2 billion for all education programs, and it is estimated that $4.7 billion of that sum will go to higher education. This does not include Federal funds for university-managed research centers such as the University of California's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. These funds are expected to amount to some $600 million in 1967.

Now that the war on poverty is an accepted part of American life, the Office of Economic Opportunity is a sizable source of funds. For example, two universities, Oregon and Northern Michigan College, are principal contractors for Job Corps centers, and six other colleges and universities are subcontractors. This summer more than two hundred universities and preparatory schools are receiving more than $20 million to run "Upward Bound" programs to prepare high-school-age students for college admission.

In the midst of all this bounty, some university lobbyists privately express concern that poverty funds will bring a new insecurity into academic life. They fear pressures from poverty officials who want the universities to take on more projects.

At a recent conference to discuss university training of Community Action workers, the participating universities were exhorted by the government officials to increase the universities' role in the social experiment. One university lobbyist who was present said later, "They wanted us to drop all our other research and enlist completely in their war on poverty."

Poverty programs and Federally sponsored activities generally put a severe strain on scarce university resources. As Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, said in *The Uses of the University*, "[Federal funds] in turn commit some of the university's own funds; they influence the assignment of space; they determine the distribution of time between teaching and research; to a large extent they establish the areas in which the university grows the fastest. Almost imperceptibly, a university is changed." Unfortunately,

the universities themselves are often blind to these dangers as they rush to share the available billions.

The Agents

In addition to the lobbyists, at least five privately published education newsletters and a score sponsored by associations attempt to fill the universities' hunger for information about sources of Federal dollars. The *College and University Reporter*, published by Commerce Clearing House, a tax-law information service, is generally considered to be the most authoritative. Another newsletter, edited by a former wire-service correspondent named Dallas Halverstadt, offers to keep the subscriber attuned to "the thinking of those who make policies and laws and administer the federal government."

One unusual organization, Bell Educational Services, inc., acts as an agent for about twenty colleges and universities. Founded by Marjorie Bell, a former Senior Counselor for Women's Affairs at Indiana University, Bell Educational Services is a team of twelve Federal education-aid experts. The staff, a self-styled "group of academic idealists," work on an annual retainer fee equal "to about what the university would pay a top-notch research administrator." One education lobbyist, commenting on the retainer fee, said, "But they're in education for a profit!" Marjorie Bell's only reply is, "We are doing a good job for our schools. Why should a small profit disqualify us?"

A former Bell associate, Ida Wallace, has recently been appointed to head the office of the Associated Colleges of the Midwest, a group of ten small schools, including Grinnell of Iowa and Carleton of Minnesota. It was formed after their presidents, meeting to discuss football schedules, found that they shared problems of fund raising.

According to Ida Wallace, Associated Colleges is not looking for massive Federal projects. Instead the schools want funds that will allow them to continue and supplement several small projects of their own. For example, student teachers in the co-operating schools may now elect to do their practice teaching in Chicago, spending half of the semester in a middle-class school and the other half in a slum school. With that training, the student teachers prepare for teaching in an urban setting. Through Federal funds for this and other projects, Associated Colleges hopes to have the best of two worlds—good small-college education and the helping hand of Uncle Sam.

If the planned increase in Federal spending is approved, more and more universities will seek to get a cut of those funds. If, on the other hand, there is a forced cutback in education and research spending, universities will turn to lobbyists to get a share. Either way, there may well be a struggle between academic institutions—a struggle in which their lobbyists are the combatants and Federal funds are the prize. And, either way, an increase in university lobbyists seems inevitable.

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Down Our Way

JOHN WAIN

"God made us all different. Don't talk back to your mother," said Mr. Robinson.

"It's not the blacks I mind, they don't know any better," said Mrs. Robinson. "But a man like that, knocking on people's doors and making trouble. There ought to be a law against it."

"I expect there is, come to think of it," said Mr. Robinson. "Appearing in disguise on the public highway."

"Not now," said Arthur Robinson, blowing on his tea. "In olden days, yes. But it wouldn't work today. What with all these wigs and that, and not being able to tell whether it's a girl or a boy till you come right up to 'em—" He expelled a harsh blast of air that sent his tea climbing dangerously high up its white glazed wall. "You'd have to put half the country in prison."

"Good job too," said Mrs. Robinson. She cut her piece of fruitcake into sections, vigorously. "They want teaching a good lesson, some of 'em. Dirty little madams."

"The black fellers have got to live, Mum," said Doris Robinson with her usual stolid defiance.

"Nobody's stopping them," said Mr. Robinson. "They're welcome to live as long as they stay where the good Lord put 'em. But they shouldn't come pouring into a white man's country. That's what I say and I've got the Bible to prove it."

"Some people don't reckon the Bible proves anything," said Doris. "After you, Arthur. I like jam, too."

"They ought to be ashamed, then," said Mrs. Robinson. "Dirty color-blind little madams. They don't care who they're with, as long as it's a man."

"Well, they've got a point," said Doris, attacking the jam.

"Don't you be so ignorant!" her mother flared.

"Make allowances, Mum," said Arthur. " I expect that's what it feels like when you're twenty-six and haven't got a husband yet."

"Why don't you go and give all your blood to the Red Cross?" queried his sister indifferently.

"I bet you'd go out with a darkie fast enough," said Arthur, disappointed at Doris's calm.

"I would if I liked him."

"You want to read your Bible, my girl," said Mr. Robinson, getting up from his chair with slow dignity and going to look for his pipe. " 'The sons of Ham shall bruise thy heel, and thou shalt bruise his head.' Remember that."

"The blacks can't help it," said Mrs. Robinson with a look of determined fair-mindedness. "It's a man like that I'd put in prison. Blacking his face and knocking on people's door."

"They'll do anything to get a story," said Arthur. "I saw a play about it on the telly. They have to make something happen, else there's nothing to put in the paper."

"They want to mind their own business," said Mr. Robinson through a cloud of pipe smoke. "They'd have plenty to put in the paper if they'd read their Bible."

"Well, it's this neighborhood," said Doris. "That's what everybody was saying at work today. He's working his way round East London and we can expect him here any time."

"He won't have any trouble with the birds if he comes round this way," said Arthur. "Soon as they see a darkie they start running. Towards him."

"Jealousy, that's your trouble," said Doris. "No wonder you can't keep a girl friend, with them pimples."

"If they weren't a lot of ignorant little madams," said Mrs. Robinson, "they'd sooner have a nice clean English boy than a blackie, even with a few pimples."

"Let's shut up about pimples, shall we?" said Arthur. "I'm having my tea."

"You know what it'll say in the paper next morning, when he knocks on the door and you turn him away," said Doris. " 'Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson, who have been advertising in their front window with a room to let for the last six months, turned away the very first person that asked about it because he was coloured.' "

"Who cares what it says in the paper?" Mr. Robinson demanded. "An Englishman's home is his castle."

"Does it say that in the Bible?" asked Doris innocently.

"You watch your tongue, Doris," said Mrs. Robinson. "That's all I say to you, watch your tongue."

There was a knock at the street door. "If that's him," said Mr. Robinson, "tell him to go home and wash the black off his face."

"And not come making trouble just to get a story," Arthur added righteously.

Doris was moving her chair back from the table when she saw that her mother had risen and was going into the passage.

"Be careful what you do, Mum!" she called.

"I know what I'm about," said Mrs. Robinson shortly.

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All three listened intently as the door opened and Mrs. Robinson's voice came to them down the hallway. But they could make out nothing except an occasional broken phrase—"Don't think so," "I'll tell him," "shouldn't expect." The other voice was a man's but they caught nothing it said.

After a few minutes Mrs. Robinson closed the front door and came back to them.

"Was that him?" Arthur asked.

"No. Mr. Prothero."

"Mr. Who?"

"The young man from the church. The curate. Mr. Venables had sent him around."

"And why didn't Mr. Venables come his high and mighty self?" demanded Mr. Robinson from the bedside fire. "After eight years as sidesman, I'm not worth his while to drop in on his way past?"

"That's what he wanted to talk about," said Mrs. Robinson. "Said Mr. Venables was sorry to hear you was giving up."

"You told him why, didn't you?"

"Yes. He wanted to come in and talk to you, but I said I couldn't have you bothered. Said the doctor told you to keep out of draughts with your legs. And I asked him straight out, could he deny that the church was draughty?"

"Specially round the sides, where I had to walk," said Mr. Robinson. "Eight years I took my legs down the draughtiest part of that church. Enough's enough, I say."

"I never can understand that," said Arthur reflectively. "The church business. The same service going on in hundreds of churches at the same time. Wasting manpower like that, how stupid can you get? They should have one central service and televise it."

"Tune in to Channel 14 and go on your knees on the hearthrug," said Doris satirically.

"Well, there's more sense to that than what they do," said Arthur. "If Dad'd knelt on the hearthrug for thirty years instead of in cold draughty churches, his iegs'd be as good as mine now."

"Yours'll never come to any harm through bending your knees, that I will say," Mr. Robinson remarked.

"Never mind all that," said Mrs. Robinson, who had been thinking. "This man. If he comes, I've decided what to do."

"You'd better take the notice down, till the whole thing's over," said Mr. Robinson.

"No. That'd be running away. I've got a better idea. Welcome him."

"*Welcome*—" Arthur was beginning in astonishment.

"Pretend to take him for a real darkie. After all, it's only by chance that we know about it. Nothing's been in the paper yet. I'll pretend not to suspect anything, be as nice as pie. That'll take the wind right out of his sails, make him drop the whole silly idea."

"Ask him for a week's rent in advance. He'll have plenty of expense money," said Mr. Robinson.

Doris began to clear away the dishes. "I think it's childish, if you ask me," she said into the air.

"Childish?" said her mother. "Who started it? What's more childish than blacking your face and knocking on people's doors?"

There was another knock, and she hurried down the passage; it was

the next-door neighbor, wanting to borrow a cookery book. A few minutes later she ran to the door again, and made short work of a salesman proffering details of an encyclopedia. The atmosphere of expectancy began to leak away; Mr. Robinson, dozing over the evening paper, had almost dismissed the matter from his mind.

But after half an hour the summons came again. Mrs. Robinson grumbled her way to the front door without haste, but this time she was longer in coming back, and the family were roused into sudden attentiveness by the bright, welcoming tones of her voice, which now reached them clearly.

"This way, will you please? I'd like you to meet Mr. Robinson and our son and daughter. We're all at home. This is the front room, we've just cleared away our tea. This way." She entered, looking over her shoulder at someone who was following her, and making little mincing movements of her head and body that made her look like a clumsily operated puppet.

Mr. Robinson, Arthur, and Doris all turned their eyes expectantly toward the doorway. At once they were rewarded with a sight that froze them rigid with sheer surprise and, in the case of Arthur, with fury.

The newcomer was a stocky, broad-faced West Indian wearing a startlingly white raincoat and carrying a shiny plastic cap in his hand. The raincoat, as perhaps it was meant to do, concealed the clothes he was wearing under it, except for the bottoms of his trousers, which appeared to be fairly voluminous at calf level and caught in sharply at the ankles. His shoes were cracked, but clean and polished. As he came in through the door, he looked cautiously from face to face and said, "Good evening to all."

No one spoke for a moment, then Doris gulped and said, "Good evening."

"It's lucky the family are all at home," said Mrs. Robinson brightly. "Then we can all get acquainted at once. This is Arthur, this is Doris, and this is our Dad, Mr. Robinson. They're all out at work all day and the young ones seem to be out most of the night as well, but you know what young people are these days. Of course it's up to you whether you go out in the evenings or stay in your room—you're quite free to suit yourself entirely."

"Thank you, Missis," said the man. His brown face split in a gleaming smile. "Can I see the room now?"

"I'll take you up," said Mrs. Robinson. "It's a nice quiet room with a bay window on the street. This is a very quiet street, I expect you've noticed. Never a bit of noise from traffic or the neighbors. Of course it's a very quiet neighborhood. I *have* been told as I ought to charge ten shillings a week extra for the quiet, as an amenity sort of thing, but I don't. What I say is, if we have the luck to live in a nice quiet street, we'll just share our good fortune

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with other people. Excuse me, I'll lead the way."

She went out and up the stairs, followed by the stranger. Hardly had the man's broad back vanished through the doorway than Arthur let out a prolonged whistle of astonishment.

"Phe-e-e-e-e-ew!" He mopped his brow. "She really thinks it's him."

"She can't do," said his sister.

"She *must* do. That's why she's sweet-talking him. Wants him to go away and write in the paper what a nice welcome he found at 46 Crescent Street. She's mad! She's mad! What'll she *do* when she finds out?"

"Well," said Mr. Robinson retiring behind the paper, "she'll have to do something. I want no part of this. She got him in and she'll get him out."

Footsteps bumped down the staircase.

"I'm glad to say," Mrs. Robinson beamed, "that Mr.—er—Major, Samuel Henry Major, likes the room and he's going to take it. When would you like to come in, Mr. Major?"

"Tomorrow, please, Missis. I'll bring my cases over in the afternoon. I've got one more night to go in the place I'm staying now. I've paid up to the Wednesday and I don't want to give him a golden handshake." Again the grin flashed out.

MRS. ROBINSON, standing behind Mr. Major, threw a triumphant glance at her family. Her dignified face did not lend itself to anything as playful as winking; nevertheless, it conveyed the suggestion of a wink. "Look at me leading him up the garden path!" her expression said.

Two ferocious scowls (male) and one look of pure pity (female) flashed back at her. The whole exchange took approximately one second.

"I've told Mr. Major our terms," Mrs. Robinson went on. "Three pounds a week or three pounds fifteen with light housekeeping."

Mr. Robinson snatched the pipe out of his mouth and said quickly, "But when we discussed it you said—"

"Never mind," Mrs. Robinson interrupted him with equal haste. "I like to keep our charges reasonable. What I say is, we've had good luck —let's share it with others." And

once again she gave that quick glance of complicity.

Mr. Robinson, defeated, took up the paper again. This left Arthur as the only defender of the citadel. He stared insolently at Mr. Major. "Are you taking the room just for yourself? Or bringing anybody else in?"

"My family are back home," said Mr. Major. "In Trinidad," he explained. "Here is their photograph. Three boys and a girl. My wife will bring them when I save the money, like." He took a photograph from his wallet and held it out to Arthur, who frowned and kept his arms by his sides. After a moment Doris took the photograph from Mr. Major's hand and looked at it.

"What a nice family," she said. "I expect they miss you."

"Photographs!" said Mr. Robinson's expression. "The lengths these newspapers will go to!"

"*I* miss *them* every day," said Mr. Major simply. "That's why I'm glad to get a room so reasonable. I'm saving every shilling I get. The fare is a lot of money. But," he smiled, "I'll make it."

"This the first place you've tried?" Arthur had not taken his hard stare from Mr. Major's face.

"No. I tried several before," said Mr. Major briefly.

"Wouldn't have you, I suppose?" Arthur pursued.

"They were full up," said Mr. Major. His face was without expression.

A silence filled the room. Mrs. Robinson seemed to be debating inwardly whether to throw down the gauntlet and tell the man she knew he was a reporter and not a West Indian at all. Perhaps to avert the hideous farce this would involve, Doris asked nervously, "Do you find it lonely over here?"

"Why, you got any suggestions?" said Arthur in a savage undertone.

"I go to the Social Club a lot," said Mr. Major, ignoring Arthur's question or not hearing it. "I have lots of friends down there. Corner of Hubbard Street and Acacia Street. They get a very nice type. No need to spend money. I just drink a cup of tea and I stay and chat with my friends. I tell them when my family comes over I'll give up tea for a while and celebrate with them."

There was another silence, and Mr. Major finally said, "I'll be off down there now. Thank you very much, Missis. I'll bring my cases along tomorrow night."

"Where d'you work?" Mr. Robinson suddenly asked, as if to pin down a vital piece of information before it was too late.

"On the electric," said Mr. Major. Evidently feeling this reply to be sufficiently meaningful, he smiled again, said "Good night to all," and retreated along the hallway, his shoulder brushing the wall as he went past the umbrella stand.

THE DOOR closed behind him, and the Robinsons were left in an unnatural silence and stillness: the entire family seemed to have shrunk to four pairs of eyes, three accusing and one defensive.

"All right, go on, Mother," said Mr. Robinson at last. "Tell us how you're going to get out of this one."

"What is there to get out of?" Mrs. Robinson asked stonily, but with a curious deadness in her voice which indicated that she was playing for time.

"You know good and well what there is to get out of!" Arthur's voice came out high-pitched and unsteady. "You've gone and let the room to a real nigger. You thought you'd be clever and take a rise out of the man, and you've ended up with a nigger in the house along with your own family."

Doris got up abruptly. "I'm off out," she said. "I'll leave you clever ones to sort it out among yourselves. P'raps Dad can find the answer in the Bible."

"You leave the Bible out of this, my girl," said Mr. Robinson severely. "There's no call to be blasphemous —bringing the Bible in where it's no call to be."

"How are you so sure that isn't

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the man with his face blacked?" Mrs. Robinson persisted feebly.

"Oh, get your glasses changed, Mum," Arthur snapped. His forehead was red with the enormous anger inside him. "If you can look at a face like his and still think the color'd *wash off*, you must be more stupid than you look."

"Don't talk to me like that," his mother rallied, glad to have some familiar ground to stand on. "Stupid, is it? You'd all be in a right mess without me, even if I am stupid. Sometimes I think I'll walk out and see how you all get, on, you—"

"Don't let's get on the argy-bargy," said Mr. Robinson, raising his hand like a traffic policeman. "Arthur, don't talk like that to your mother. And you, Mother, don't take any notice of him. He's overstrained. What we want to know is, how are we going to get out of this mess?"

"That's right," said Arthur fiercely. "Mess is right. The first darkie to come knocking at the door and we take him straight in. Beat that for a mess."

Doris, who had been upstairs to change her dress, came down and poked her head in at the door of the living room. "Well?" she said brightly. "Figured your way out?"

"Don't you worry," said Mrs. Robinson with dignity. "I'll take another look at him when he comes back, and if it's true that I've made a mistake—I say *if* it's true—I'll soon get rid of him."

"How?" Doris asked. Her voice lost its lightness and she drew her brows together. "What d'you mean?"

"You don't think I'm *really* going to have a darkie in my house?" asked Mrs. Robinson simply.

Doris looked for a long moment at her mother's impassive face. Then, silent, she turned and went down the hallway. The front door banged.

"What's the scheme, then, Mum?" asked Arthur. He felt in his jacket pocket for cigarettes, and looked across at her hopefully.

"When he comes back," said Mrs. Robinson, "I shall just tell him there's been a mistake and he can't have the room after all."

"A mistake?" Arthur was disappointed. "What kind of a mistake would that be, then? How can it be all right for him to have the room one evening and not all right the next? You'll have to do better than that."

"Yes, Mother," Mr. Robinson umpired from his armchair, "you'll have to give him a reason."

"Reason?" said Mrs. Robinson massively. "*Reason*? Whose house is it?"

"You've offered a room to let," said Mr. Robinson. "A man's taken it, and even if he is a blackie you can't just tell him you've changed your mind."

"Think what the papers'd print about *that*," said Arthur. "He'd go straight and sell 'em the story for fifty quid. They know where the money is."

"All right," said Mrs. Robinson placidly. "P'raps we'll have to have him in the place for a day or two. But it won't be long. He'll soon put a foot wrong and as soon as he does I'll have him out."

"Put a foot wrong?" Arthur queried. "Like how?"

"Like anything at all," said Mrs. Robinson. "The lodger never lived who didn't leave the bathroom dirty, or smoke in bed, or make a noise taking his boots off at night, or have undesirables in his room. If you take a lodger, you have to make all sorts of allowances or else you'd be asking him to move out within three days. Well, this one'll be on his way quicker than that." She gave a short, scornful laugh. "I haven't lived fifty years to end up not being mistress in my own house."

Arthur, contented, lit his cigarette and began to fiddle with the television set. Mr. Robinson, holding the evening paper on his knee, looked over at his wife's face. For the first time in twenty years, he looked at Mrs. Robinson and really saw her. Then, slowly, his eyes dropped and he went on reading the paper.

See Jim Read the Book

PARKER H. KENDALL

The average American first-grader reads about fifty words per minute. By the time he gets to the sixth grade he's doing two hundred, at graduation from high school 295, and finally, when he receives his college diploma, 325. That's the average reader.

Let's take an above-average reader, hereinafter called Jimmy (Johnny would be more generic, but Johnny, of course, can't read at all). At fifteen, Jimmy is bitten by the reading bug and works himself up to five hundred words per minute, a figure which, to avoid differential calculus, we shall agree is his top and henceforth throughout life his constant reading speed. (Although 500 w.p.m. is well above average, it is not spectacular. President Kennedy reputedly sped along at 800.)

Since our Jimmy is no average reader, neither shall he be a reader with an average intellectual appetite. It has been estimated that the average American adult, and by coincidence the average high-school graduate, spends four hours every month with culture (defined as a man-made product that would "have to be given serious attention as part of a liberal education in a good college"). Commercial television (presumably "good" programs) takes up twenty-two per cent of that time, magazines twenty per cent, books seventeen per cent, newspapers three per cent. The remaining part (thirty-eight per cent) is devoted to concerts, museums, radio, records, plays, movies, and educational television. Adults who never made it through high school spend an average of two hours a month absorbing culture. College graduates had the highest number of culture-hours per month—11¾. The average American college graduate thus spends four hours and forty-two minutes a month reading (forty per cent of 11¾ hours).

But, as we said, our Jimmy is no mean or modish average American. His passion for reading is such that he arranges his life so that eight hours a day (including weekends) are given over to sleep, eight hours to school and homework (later on,

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to his job), and two hours to playing with classmates, eating, and partaking in family affairs. This leaves him with a generous six hours a day to indulge his love of reading. Thus in one day he reads more than does the average American college graduate in a month. Reading at five hundred words per minute, Jimmy can gobble up thirty thousand words per hour. Since the average novel or nonfiction book runs to around ninety thousand words, in those six hours our Jimmy can read two books. At two books a day he will read 730 books a year, and if he lives an above-average number of years—say seventy-five—by the time he is interred he will have been reading sixty years and will have read 43,800 books containing 3,942,000,000 words —an achievement truly monumental.

BUT JIMMY has a problem: what should he read? In 1964, American book publishers issued 20,542 new titles and 7,909 new editions, a total of 28,451—a ten per cent increase over 1963's figures. 1965's total was higher again: 28,595, which means that if Jimmy started reading today it would take him more than thirty-nine years to read all of the books printed last year in the United States. And that's only books. There are more than twenty thousand periodicals published in the United States Plus the thousands of titles the U.S. Government Printing Office turns out annually. Plus over 1,800 daily newspapers. Plus the fine print in insurance policies.

And things are getting worse. More books were published in the first sixty-five years of this century than were published between 1446, when Johann Gutenberg set up his little print shop in Mainz, and 1900. Yet rarely does a day pass when we are not warned that this country is only on the threshold of an "information explosion." What can be done to keep the situation from getting out of hand?

Asking authors to write less would probably have little effect. As every editor knows, for each book or article printed scores are rejected, and if half the nation's writers suddenly stopped working, publishers would still be inundated with manuscripts. Nor is faster reading the answer. We've already seen that Jimmy, a 500-w.p.m. youngster, reading an admittedly unrealistic six hours a day, can finish off only 730 books a year.

Let's face it. There is only one way out for Americans who wish to read a decent percentage of every year's output: we must discourage reading. By so doing we shall eventually discourage writing, and by the time our grandchildren graduate from college so few new books might be published every year in the United States that even 325-w.p.m. readers could skim through all of them in four hours and forty-two minutes a month.

Specifically, the Federal government should step in and take over

the subject of reading in all the nation's schools, public and private. Few educators would object, since no subject in the curriculum today is more criticized, and more communities have become divided as a result of battles between proponents of the phonic method vs. the look-see method of reading than because of any other issue, educational or political. And thousands of Americans have united to call for the banishment of Sally, Jane, and Dick from the country's elementary-school primers at a time when children in Soviet schools are learning their ABC's by reading Lenin and the Communist Manifesto. This suggests a possible government line of attack. Since most parents would object to an overt Federal effort to discourage reading, the national primer-writing committee should go about its business in a subtle way, for instance by slipping in polysyllabic words, telling stories far removed from children's daily lives, letting the villain win, etc. As a beginning, the committee might announce that a consensus demanded a revision of Sally, Dick, and Jane. Primer titles wouldn't be difficult to think up, e.g., *Dick and Sally in the Great Society, Sally and Jane Fight Poverty, Dick and Jane in the Peace Corps, Dick and Jane Visit Congress.*

If *that* didn't work, the President could appoint a commission to investigate just why it was that Johnny never learned how to read, and once the secret was known, dispatch CIA agents to the nation's elementary schools with the offer of bribes (e.g., a one-hour, duty-free lunch period) to any teacher willing to do to her pupils whatever Johnny's teacher did unto him. If the CIA operatives were caught (and chances are they soon would be), the government would have to disavow the whole thing and try another tack—perhaps getting at the paper industry under the pretext of preserving our vanishing woodlands.

ONE FINAL statistical manipulation should suffice to indicate Jimmy's bleak future if the number of books published annually is not reduced to manageable proportions. The imminent rate of thirty thousand a year multiplied by Jimmy's sixty years of reading life equals 1,800,000 books, or, at our young friend's two-books-a-day consumption rate, 2,466 years of reading. But perhaps that's the answer: we should dangle these discouraging figures in front of the nation's young readers. After a few frustrating years of trying to make a dent in that 1,800,000 figure, they would lose interest in reading, demand for books would fall off, publishers would retrench, many authors would be forced to abandon their profession, and the number of books published every year would become so small that Jimmy and other dedicated readers could work their way through a sizable portion of a year's output. Such a scheme might seem far out to some, but it's probably worth a try. We've been concentrating too long on helping Johnny and his friends who can't read. It's about time we started helping Jimmy and his friends who can.

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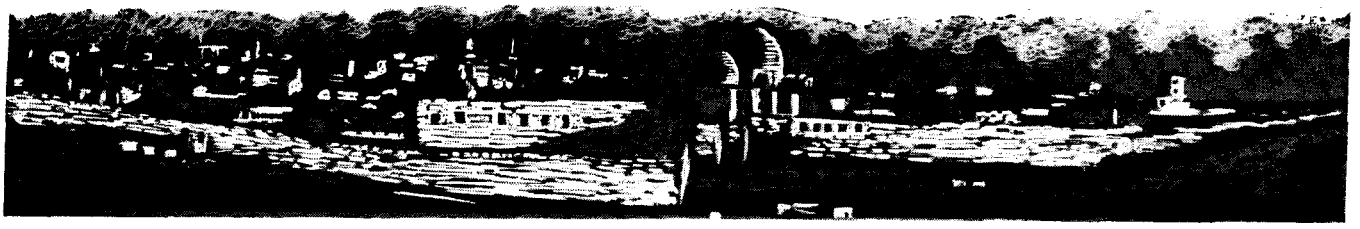

St. Matthew Without Passion

ANDREW M. GREELEY

From the very beginning of Pier Paolo Pasolini's *The Gospel According to St. Matthew,* we are left in no doubt that this is "an artistic rather than commercial" life of Christ. Whereas previous cinematic gospel stories tended to lean very heavily on Handel for background music, Pasolini begins with the Congolese folk music of the *Missa Luba.* Only someone very, very "artistic" would think of beginning a life of Christ with a *Missa Luba*—or of ending it the same way, for that matter. Furthermore, only a very "artistic" director and film editor could be responsible for the bobbing and weaving camera and the abrupt cutting from scene to scene that is calculated to make an audience realize it is dealing with an "important" movie.

In order to ensure the artistic uniqueness of the film, it was decided that no professional actors would be used; professional actors would somehow involve a picture-card piety. Christ, according to the program notes, had to be played by someone who had never made a film before and "in all probability would never make another." So a Spanish student of economics was cast as Christ and "a music critic and photographer as St. Matthew, a writer as Simon, a poet as Andrew. Writers also portrayed Mary of Bethany, Herod II, and John the Baptist. A lawyer portrays Joseph; a Roman truckdriver is Judas."

The viewer may be moved to comment how marvelously clever it is to get such great performances out of people who are not professionals. The truth of the matter is that the actors do not perform at all and in Pasolini's view of things are not expected to. They become part of the scenery, and their faces, usually in fixed expressions, become objects of art upon which the cameraman and the director display their artistic skills. The impact of the movie is almost totally visual, and whatever drama there is comes principally from Pasolini's juxtaposition of faces and physical scenery. *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* provides Pasolini's camera an excuse for lingering over rough, anguished, crudely beautiful human features set against a brilliant sun-drenched landscape (not Palestine, of course, since this would be terribly inartistic, but Calabria).

Since very little dramatic action or movement is permitted in Pasolini's view of the cinema, it becomes extremely important that the scenes become well staged, and Pasolini is a master at the artistic arrangement of scenes. Five types delight him:

¶ "The crowd," in which he projects his camera in the middle of a pushing, swerving mob.

¶ "The procession," usually a string of people outlined against a horizon with several Italian peasant women in black veils hurrying along behind. Apparently Calabria has a limitless supply of aged Italian women in black shawls who can be counted on to lend decor to any Italian "New Wave" film.

¶ "The shot," in which the viewer is permitted to hear action that is taking place but is given only a partial view of what is going on. Thus, the two trials of Jesus are seen from a point somewhere behind Peter's head. We can hear what the high priest is saying but it is difficult to see around the apostolic skull; on such occasions when we finally do manage to crane our neck to see around Simon Peter, we find ourselves not viewing the trial but looking into someone's haunted eyes.

¶ "The children." Pasolini likes children. Calabrese children are adorable creatures, but after the first forty-five minutes we are fully persuaded that he does know how to make them smile, and we wish he'd stop trying to convince us.

¶ Finally, "the faces." Pasolini has certainly collected a striking group of people and photographs them well; but two hours of portrait photography can become a bit dull, especially when what one has come to see is a life of Christ.

The result of Pasolini's rather obvious attempt to display his artistic skill is an extremely interesting visual experience, a photographic meditation occasioned perhaps by the text of the Gospel of St. Matthew. But it is not a story, it is not a drama, and it surely isn't the life of anyone. There is no conflict, there are no personalities (much less development of personalities), nor is there any sense of movement from beginning to end, and no particular feeling of tragedy at the Crucifixion; the dénouement of the film is just one more skillfully presented visual image. Pasolini's characters are not human beings, they are statues, and *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* is a rearrangement of these statues; they are harsh, grim, striking statues but they are not alive.

The ultimate failure of the film is that even the central figure never becomes more than a statue. Pasolini's Christ is a wanly handsome young man who looks as though Pasolini had hypnotized him. He smiles only once, when surrounded by little children, and this

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single change of expression is not especially convincing. The voice (apparently not the actor's) speaks in a monotone reminding one for all the world of an elderly Irish monsignor saying the rosary at a wake. When the Lord becomes angry, at the scribes and Pharisees for example, the monotone is raised to a higher level and now reminds one of said elderly Irish monsignor declaiming against birth control.

Whether a blatantly commercial life of Christ is more dishonest than a pseudo-artistic one is a question that need not be decided at this point, but Pasolini's "art" is really no more successful with the life of Christ than is the "commerce" of *The Greatest Story Ever Told.*

Yet Pasolini does make some important breakthroughs in religious cinema; he may have settled forever the question of what an angel is to be. For two thousand years artists have attempted to determine whether an angel ought to be a man who looks like a woman or a woman who looks like a man. Pasolini has apparently decided this by having his Angel of the Lord be a woman who looks like a woman. Indeed, if heaven is inherited by angels of the kind represented by Rosanna Di Rocco, a fair number of people are have opted for the Other Place are going to feel cheated. Miss Di Rocco announces messages from the Deity in a fashion that reminds one of the lass who informs one of plane departures on the television monitors at Fumicino Airport. Given Pasolini's rather quaint notions about casting, it could well be that she *is* the one who announces the plane departures at Fumicino Airport.

In the printed program there are pictures of the various important people to whom credits must be given—the "distributor" (in first place, of course), the producer, the director, the cameraman, the costume designer, the art director, and the writer of the original musical score. After pictures of all these worthies are presented, we come finally to a picture of the one who did the book. It's hard to escape the impression that Matthew, surnamed Levi, looks a bit disappointed. I for one wouldn't blame the old tax collector if he were something more than just disappointed.

BOOKS

Bird's-Eye View

MALCOLM BRADBURY

THE SWEET BIRDS OF GORHAM, by Ann Birstein. *David McKay. $3.95.*

There are now almost as many campus novels as there are campuses —so many that the indefatigable compilers of guides to colleges could well get to work on a guide to the character and entrance requirements of the various fictional institutions. Now that universities are no longer communities of scholars and teachers but state- and alumni-financed Bohemias, where artists and writers range and where a very large proportion of the total productive writing community of the United States is to be found (at least during office hours), they have inevitably become not only sponsors of literature but also part of literature's familiar subject matter. No college can now afford to be without its satirist and ironist, transforming into fiction the institution and the faculty members, and every smart college president is doubtless working to remedy the deficiency.

The academic novel is, in fact, the modern intelligentsia talking about itself to itself, and as such has significance as a type, a significance slightly independent of the individual merits of each particular book. Surely one of the reasons that the campus has moved so prestigiously into literary subject matter —rather in the way that the railroad laid tracks through the Victorian novel and the factory entered the fiction of the 1920's and 1930's —is that the campus is an important social fulcrum. It is one of the essential locales of the modern intelligentsia, and it is also where some of the great social and cultural transformations take place, since it transmits to the young many of the values that in simpler social organizations are conveyed through the family. It is both Bohemia and the training ground of the young generation's attitudes and life styles. And now that the intelligentsia and the student have grown in power as social forces, the campus has become more and more the focus of many areas of human interaction and of many revealing moral dilemmas.

AS THE UNIVERSITY has increased in significance both in Britain and the United States, we have grown more interested in this kind of fiction. But there are some striking cultural differences between the two traditions. It seems just to say that when English novelists have

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THE REPORTER 660 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021

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turned to university subject matter —and I speak from the experience of having twice essayed this myself—they tend to do so from a strong sense that the university is involved with the society, and is hence a proper locale for that concern with the fortunes of the culture which marks so much of the English novel's tradition. But American campus novels, of which there are many excellent examples—*Pnin* and *The Groves of Academe, Pictures from an Institution*, and *The Homecoming Game, Wake Up, Stupid, A New Life*, and so on—tend often to take a quirkier look at the institution. The university is usually the place not of virtue but of moral corruption, the hero or heroine the faculty dropout. The paradoxes of the institution, paradoxes having to do with the gap between intellectual idealism and the working reality, probably make such ironies inevitable; any one campus inevitably falls short of being the ideal university. At the same time, other dimensions of irony and guilt enter the situation; for the writer, the campus as job ticket often means that it is the place of self-betrayal, and—as Benjamin DeMott points out in his "How to Write a College Novel"—many such novels are the writer's gracious spit over his shoulder as he moves on to new pastures. But what this usually means is that American campus novels are often concerned with much chancier and more personal ironies, challenges to the institution that derive from much more individual dislikes and protests.

And so in the best scene in Ann Birstein's *The Sweet Birds of Gorham*—a very able and amusing campus novel well in the conventions of the subgenre—the faculty of Gorham College for Females, an exclusive girls' college located in what would seem to be the Emily Dickinson belt of western Massachusetts, gather together for a surrealistic ceremonial at the grave of the local poetess, Amelia Lacey. After it proves impossible to unlock the gate of the grave and the wreath has to be tossed in over the railings, the performer of the ceremony, the wife of the English Department chairman, receives a bird dropping in the eye, and this lays her low with bird disease.

The bird in question and Miss Birstein seem to have very much the same opinion of the faculty of Gorham, and the bird's arbitrary gesture is perhaps the final assertion of the author's attitude. The real difficulty of the book is that it seems to have been designed to demonstrate the virtues of a somewhat cutesy heroine by setting her against a faculty of monsters—and where else would one find monsters if not on campus? Neither the heroine nor the author is fully interested in the college as such; it is simply, like those country houses which swallowed up governesses in Victorian fiction, a conventionally proper locale for a heroine to encounter depravities.

The heroine of *The Sweet Birds of Gorham* has the neo-Jamesian name of Daisy Lerner, and she is an innocent, open-hearted, and hence mildly promiscuous optimist who is defeated by the ancient and old-world corruptions of Gorham. She is a New Yorker—the virtues of being which are stressed—who has published a short novel. Hired by Gorham's English Department, she arrives in town beaming with gaiety and expectation, "embarking on a new adventure," only to find herself defeated by a devious and somewhat sinister community.

The faculty—which is composed of real and neo-Jews, with a few WASPs well established in the upper echelons, and George Auerbach, poet in residence, a man adored by his students as few men ever have been—are hard-spirited and selfish, and the tenor of the book is their exploitation of Daisy's innocent virtue. She falls in love with George, who proves to be sympathetic but overwhelmingly vain; she is sentimentally affectionate toward a moral blackmailer named Seymour Lipshansky; she violates the sensibilities of the stuffy head of the department by wearing low necklines, and

The Hour of Refection at Assisi

"Brutto! Brutto!" chides the monk, a man
To be an abbot able, holding the tom
Aloft. "After the doves again! for shame!"
Beneath the feet of Francis, they resume
Their festival of crumbs, as though the foe,
Of meek regard in pendant attitude,
Had never eyed a bird with ill intent.

Above the wall, the disembodied ears
Of brother ass appear. Below, the dung cart
Makes for the kitchen garden, seeding the air
With hints of earth. The pensioners, replete
At last, have flown to cote, and shadowed leaves
Alone remain astir, to congregate
In green repose like ghosts of listening birds.

As patiently as trees, the preacher draws
His sustenance for grace. From kitchenward
A raucous voice returns the praise of hay:
"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" The monks have gone to dine.
Onto the wall leaps brother cat and sits
Composed, save for an angry tail atwitch.
Time for another shift of hungry doves.

—John Alexander Allen

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of the entire community by conducting her love affair openly; and she offends the local womanhood by making a speech about creativity in which she suggests that their pious dutifulness is not itself a symptom of creative power.

The emotional straitjacketing and spinsterishness of Gorham are caught with a lot of attentiveness and care, but there is no real concern on the part of the book with what conditions it; the point is simply that it is a threat to the romantic Daisy, who comes to realize that her future in the place is, in all probability, to end up like one of the most depressing females on the faculty, who conceals beneath a tough façade the gay inebriation of sheer black-lace panties.

All the campus types are caught extremely well; the problem is that the entire convention is of course romantic, and the romanticism is at many points of rather too glossy a kind. Though Daisy has something of the Jamesian young-girl spirit, she also has close associations to the princesses of fairy tale: "She was always skipping along gaily, like a child at hopscotch, until someone tapped her on the shoulder and reminded her that life was tragic." And, as such, she doesn't really belong on the campus at all; she is not a writer or a teacher in any realizable sense, but a good old-fashioned romantic heroine, and her virtues—innocent spontaneity, good looks, a sentimental fondness for pathetic men, and a desire to be "filled up" by life—aren't those one would normally want to test a Gorham against. What is more, though many parts of the book are handled with enormous style and irony, the bits to do with Daisy are written in a tone of breathless enchantment: "It was a cold night, beautifully harvest-moonish, with a nip of frost and a touch of pumpkin in the air. Their footsteps made muffled echoes on the empty street like the faint romantic clip clop of carriage horses returning late from the ball. Shivering with the unexpected happiness of it, Daisy thrust her arm through George Auerbach's. In spite of her careful upbringing she had always loved the feel of a man close by, especially in cold weather."

Daisy is in fact a very well-captured sentimental heroine, and to the reader subject to this kind of enchantment she will be greatly engaging. It is where the book reaches beyond this to a Jamesian dimension and a moral challenge to Gorham that we become conscious of her inadequacy; a cross between the ironic academic novel and the novel of sentiments, the book begins to divide in direction and aims. The slap in the eye for the Gorham faculty is far in excess of anything that it has done to Daisy, and as a moral challenge to the academy it is whimsical.

But the book is intelligent, well-textured, and elegant, an excellent sentimental tale, full of all kinds of sharp observations and thoroughly pleasing to read.

The Key Is Loneliness

MARCUS KLEIN

THE BALLAD OF CARSON MCCULLERS, by Oliver Evans. *Coward-McCann. $5.*

As critical biography, *The Ballad of Carson McCullers* suffers from the following defects: loyalty, coziness, gullibility, reticence before significant biographical detail, sweating apprehension of the obvious, pedantry, and some bad writing. Did Carson McCullers study piano when she was a girl? Her teacher "never had any reason to be seriously disappointed in Carson's playing; on the contrary, she encouraged her ambition to become a concert pianist and predicted great successes for her." (Her teacher "was an unusually talented musician who occasionally gave piano lessons to a few pupils of exceptional talent," and this pupil "made rapid progress as a virtuoso.") When, in 1951, a collected edition of Carson McCullers' work was issued, "the occasion," says Mr. Evans, "was a momentous one in the history of American publishing."

Again: "Mrs. McCullers has never valued formal education, with its complicated system of 'credits' and 'units' very highly, and she has really had only two overwhelming intellectual interests in her life: music and writing." Two overwhelming intellectual interests are apparently sufficient to give her overwhelming public consequence. Once Edmund Wilson refused to be excited, and the fact convicts Wilson of "one of the biggest blunders in a generally distinguished career." And, "Carson McCullers is quite possibly the most controversial living American writer."

The story of Carson McCullers' couple of marriages to and divorces from her husband reaches this denouement: "as time went on she became conscious of certain defects in [Reeves McCullers'] character to which, previously, she had been blinded by his charm. (He was spoiled, for one thing—as very handsome people frequently are.)" How does Mr. Evans know? The terminal *aperçu* aside, Mr. Evans has inside info. (Reeves McCullers, by the bye, was "handsome in a virile kind of way.") The publisher's handout which accompanies the book says that Mr. Evans has long been a friend of his subject, and of the whole circle in which she moves. Mr. Evans himself steals a shy moment in his book to praise the cookery of Mrs. McCullers' cook—her name is Ida.

After such knowledge, the act of literary criticism may be more rather than less difficult. Discussing *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,* Mr. Evans will not yield up specific biographical information because to do so would be "an impertinence." When he faces the texts, he will go it alone—with results that are not infrequently, it should be said, resoundingly unimpeachable. The Negro doctor in *The Member of the Wedding,* for instance, "has more than his share of the persecution complex that is apt to characterize minority groups, especially minority groups that *are* persecuted." Of the male protagonist of the play *The Square Root of Wonderful,* Mr. Evans

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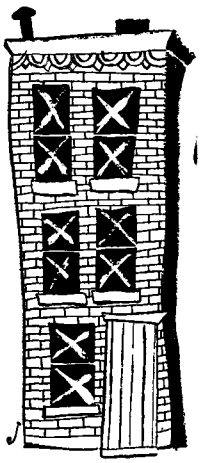
says: "It is significant that he takes his own life."

But not infrequently, in fact, Mr. Evans' readings of the fiction are pointed and graceful. And if Mr. Evans sometimes exaggerates and sometimes labors the obvious, the subject perhaps forces him into difficult positions.

Carson McCullers published *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,* her first novel, when she was twenty-three years old. Everybody cried "genius," for the adequate reasons of the taut sensibility that is in that book and the perfect control and adjustment of materials. That was more than twenty-five years ago. She has since suffered a Broadway-Hollywood success, and she has suffered much personal misfortune. And she has neither sold out nor given up. The handful of books that followed the first have been as severely disciplined as it was. The career has been so admirable, and the talent, so beset, has been so conspicuous that such enthusiasm as Mr. Evans shows is virtually demanded. At the same time, curiously, Mr. Evans can have very little to say beyond asserting value, because the initial achievement has neither been betrayed nor improved upon.

THE THEME in all of the work is loneliness and the frustration of love. In her first novel Carson McCullers discovered, it would seem, that this motif is subject to embroidery, and the elegant embroidery, the beautifully patterned tapestry, then became the book. Loneliness and frustration are the human condition. That theme was perhaps not to be *proved* by any means short of the invention of Faust, but it could be confirmed without being proved. Oliver Evans points out, with something of the air of discovering a new record, that "No fewer than six cases of frustration occur in *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,*" and he elucidates an arithmetical pattern of subdivisions. In any event, the four primary characters of the novel try in various but equal measure to break forth from their respective isolations into some larger commitments and communions: the young girl, Mick Kelly, is in love with music; the wandering laborer, Jake Blount, is in love with a secular version of Communism; the Negro doctor is in love with the cause of racial freedom; the café owner would, if he could, achieve marriage and fatherhood. The four in their dooms are made to circle about a fifth character, the man ironically named Singer, who is a deaf-mute—and then by way of reduplicating that confirmation of doomed loneliness, Singer is made to be in love with another, who is a deaf-mute, a male, a foreigner, and insane.

In the next novel, *Reflections in a Golden Eye,* Carson McCullers discovered, it would seem, that the theme was subject to still other variations. She shifted her tone, and wrote an energetic, bitchy comedy of manners, in which the characters were brought at once to caricature and pathological extremity. In *The Member of the Wedding* she located



the natural dwelling of the drama of loneliness, in adolescence, and came to it now with gentle lyricism. In *The Ballad of the Sad Café* she made the drama go furiously, with grotesques for characters, but counterpointed with prose of fine poise and icy precision. In the most recent novel, *Clock Without Hands,* she has once again organized four disparate characters; two of them, this time, are orphans literally, and, as in *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,* all of them are orphans essentially.

There is some reason after all in Mr. Evans' applying to Carson McCullers that tired encomium, "a writer's writer." Given the initial perception, she has played it with great technical virtuosity. But it is also the case that the initial perception contained a wisdom so total—*man is doomed to his loneliness*—as not to allow any retreat or any illusion. In the most recent novel, as in the first, there is some allusion to political matters. The characters line up on either side of the Southern racial issue, and the novel comes to its climax with the event of the school-desegregation decision. The political materials are just exactly parallel, however, to the varieties of orphaned love relationships in the novel, and like them they are just other counters in the general frustration. This wisdom, like death, flattens everything.

MR. EVANS in his book is at repeated pains to point out that Carson McCullers is not a "gothic" writer, wisteria-and-mimosa branch. She does not indulge in horrors for their own sake; she is not attracted in her sensibility to queers, cripples, and freaks. She deals, rather, in symbols. Mr. Evans is correct, of course—but there, in the constant and virtually automatic conversion of character into symbol, is just the trouble. The characters, whether freaks or adolescents, are all used up before they begin, and there is no chance for the thrust of character against odds because in the first place the characters are meant to exemplify the odds. And finally there is something self-protective, which is to say self-indulgent, in this severely controlled fiction.

The writer of whom one is most certainly reminded by Carson McCullers is Sherwood Anderson, who in the early part of his career, in *Winesburg, Ohio,* dealt also in the loneliness that crucifies and in characters who become grotesques. Anderson was at the beginning and at the end a much less crafty writer than Carson McCullers. But he was also a much more informing writer, because he went on; and with all the various breathy invocations in his later writing to proletarian communion, the American frontier, Mark Twain, Negroes, sex, etc., he engaged himself in the necessary effort to get beyond the loneliness that crucifies. Perhaps he failed to come up with anything very convincing. Perhaps as sexual mystic he never discovered the true spark, the ember, as it were, in the bedding. But there is more drama in the failure than in *The Member of the Wedding.*

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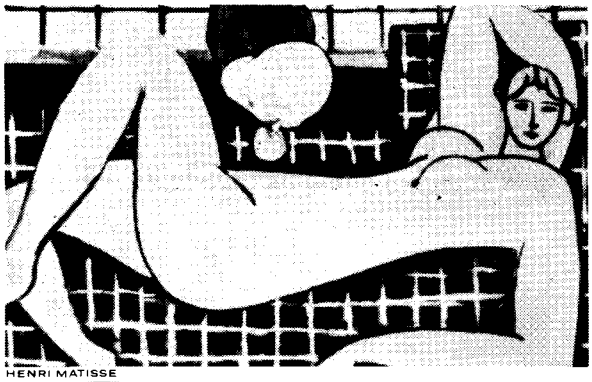
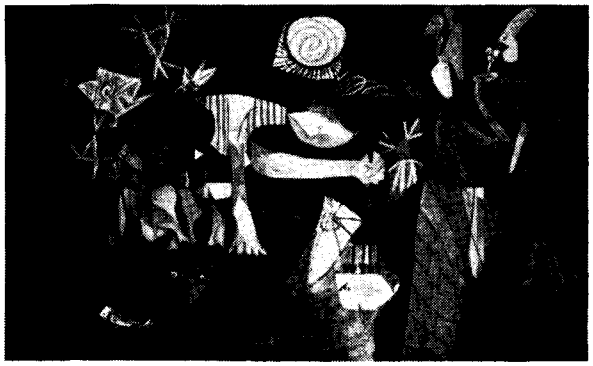
EARLY SPANISH MAIN



HENRI MATISSE



PSYCHOLOGY OF ART

NEW FROM CALIFORNIA

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
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Miss Wheatley's Distinction

HENNIG COHEN

THE POEMS OF PHILLIS WHEATLEY. Edited with an introduction by Julian D. Mason, Jr. *University of North Carolina Press. $6.50.*

In 1761 John Wheatley, a prosperous Boston tailor, and his wife visited the local slave market to buy a young girl who might be brought up as a personal servant to Mrs. Wheatley. They chose a frail but appealing child named Phillis. Her exact age was unknown but by examining her teeth, as one can do with livestock, they estimated that she was seven years old. The child was exceptionally intelligent—there is the inevitable story about scratching letters on a wall with charcoal —and she was extremely anxious to please. Their daughter, Mary, taught her to read and write, emphasizing Biblical instruction and encouraging her religious bent. In a short time she was soaking up Pope's translation of Homer and studying the Latin classics. She seems to have remembered nothing of her African origins except that each day at dawn her mother had poured water on the ground in a ritual of homage to the rising sun.

At fourteen Phillis addressed a poem to Harvard undergraduates commending to them a life of purity and piety, and there is evidence of even earlier effusions. In 1770 she published an elegy on the death of George Whitefield, the great Methodist missionary, and other funeral verses followed regularly thereafter. She soon became an object of interest to Boston religious and literary circles. She had long since occupied a privileged position in the Wheatley household. No menial tasks were required of her, and she was allowed a night lamp and writing materials at her bedside so that she could respond instantly to the promptings of her presumably nocturnal muse.

Her social status was odd. She was often invited to dine at "the house of individuals of wealth and distinction," an early biographer reports, adding approvingly that "she always declined the seat offered her at their board, and, requesting that a side-table might be laid for her, dined modestly apart from the rest of the company." Yet on one occasion, because the weather changed suddenly, her solicitous mistress sent the chaise for her. As it approached the house, it was observed that the coachman, also a slave, was sharing the seat with Phillis. This piece of impudence Mrs. Wheatley could not tolerate.

A sea voyage was recommended as a health measure, and in 1773 Phillis was sent to England. Here she was a brilliant success, attracting the patronage of such pious doers of good as the Countess of Huntingdon and her friend the Earl of Dartmouth. Her *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* was brought out in London the same year, its originality attested in a preface signed by an impressive array of Boston magistrates and divines. Plans were being made to present Phillis at court when she was recalled to Boston by the serious illness of Mrs. Wheatley.

The rest of the story reads like a sentimental novel of the period: the death of her mistress and other members of the Wheatley family; marriage to a talented free Negro, one John Peters, a ne'er-do-well burdened with an overweening pride (he reminds me of the Negro veteran of the Union Army in Faulkner's *The Bear,* peering at his book through gold-rimmed spectacles without any lenses while his wife starves); flight from Boston before the British Army; poverty, sickly children, the imprisonment of her husband, work as a drudge in a cheap boardinghouse. When she was ultimately found by a Wheatley relative, she was mortally ill and, according to a contemporary account, "reduced to a condition too loathsome to describe." She died in 1784, with her last surviving child dying so shortly afterward that it could be buried beside the unmarked grave of its mother.

Now about the verse. It is a meager harvest consisting of the thirty-eight *Poems on Various Subjects* and sixteen others (some of them

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.150

by HENRY ALLEN

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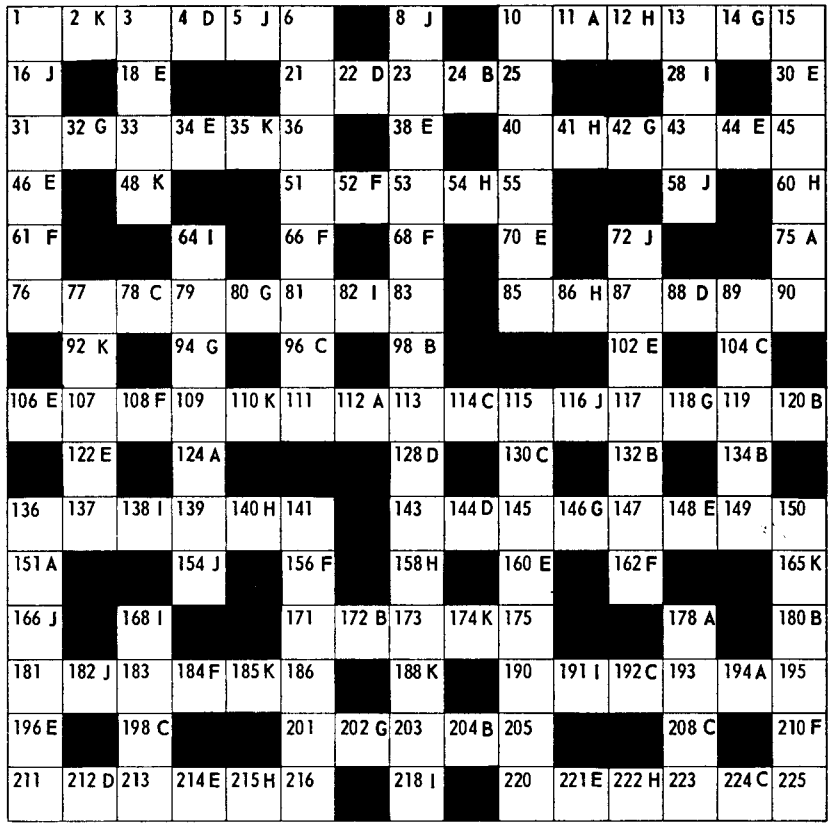
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
151 11 75 124 178 112 194 How a long, soaking tub bath might be described (3, 4).

B
98 172 180 120 134 24 204 132 Pertaining to the Socratic method.

C
114 208 96 192 78 198 104 130 224 What the candle may be to the moth (5, 4).

D
128 144 212 4 22 88 A toxic condition of the blood from insufficient secretion.

E
102 18 214 70 46 148 34 38 160 196 106 30 221 122 44 A person of French descent in New Orleans, for example (9, 6).

F
108 61 52 66 162 156 68 184 210 Kind of coleopterous insect infesting hives (3, 6).

G
14 202 146 94 42 32 80 118 Source of colza oil.

H
140 12 158 222 54 60 215 86 41 A mongoose, supposed by the ancient Egyptians to devour crocodiles' eggs.

I
168 138 82 191 64 218 28 "Malo me _____petit, lasciva puella." Virgil, "Eclogues."

J
58 72 5 8 154 16 116 166 182 One of the lessons from the Nebiim read after the parashoth.

K
35 48 165 188 2 185 92 174 110 The family of South American mammals related to the horse and rhinoceros.

ACROSS

1. Quick! Remind me.
10. Take down the disc.
21. A first-class tar rope.
31. Scene of the Acrostician's activities.
40. This (6) must be this (2, 4) in marching.
51. See the doctor with the Persians' friends?
76. Yells "A-ho!" to greet someone (3, 5).
85. The Brown Derby may be so described, though it may serve coffee (2, 4).
106. Games where the deck may bounce off the span? (7, 2, 6).
136. Sits as the flow stoppage happens.
143. Ropes hit the memorabilia.
171. A Greek kind of days?
181. A muse to hail at on occasion?
190. Is dew up about the arm when heated?
201. I am if a gang can be found.
211. A big helmet for the home, they say.
220. May be wild and blue and far off.

DOWN

1. What poetic heroine does when beasts of burden follow softly.
3. Chaplin's wife in Poona and Bangkok.
6. Was the Cowardly Lion a Quaker?
8. Kind of existence for a thumb sucker? (4, 2, 5, 4).
10. One may put airs in such pie.
13. A hot word.
15. Assign a quiet etude.
64. In a doublet, Hebe's none too good! (3, 4).
72. Good as gold is one (1, 6).
77. The grown-up may land tea.
89. Kind of music that may give you ague if not first-class!
115. Draw a boy well on this street.
136. Fabric bit to watch at last.
141. Kind of seed to open.
150. Prides oneself in the frying pan.
168. Kind of festivity to begin Word I.
178. Found back in the center of a vivid imagination.

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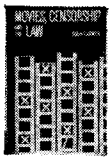

Movies, Censorship, and the Law

Ira H. Carmen

"This is an information-packed but very readable book about the legal aspects of movie censorship in the U. S. . . . . The speculative discussion of where film censorship is going and how it has changed over the years has inferential value to anybody in the business of circulating books." —The Virginia Kirkus Service

In some of the nation's largest cities motion pictures are screened by review boards meeting in secret. Their files are seldom open to inspection, and they often wield a nearly absolute power over what the public is shown. In a series of dramatic interviews with film censors in major cities, Carmen captures the flavor of the struggle between censor and exhibitor.

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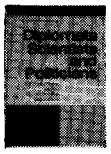

Diplomats, Scientists, and Politicians

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Harold Karan Jacobson
Eric Stein

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—Kenneth E. Boulding

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Anatol Rapoport's explanations open the door on a new way of seeing how mathematics can be applied to the study of human behavior and decision-making.

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The University of Michigan Press
Ann Arbor

variants and early drafts) gleaned from colonial magazines, broadsides, and manuscripts. With a few exceptions—of subject matter, not quality—they are religious verse of the dullest sort. Phillis Wheatley absorbed eighteenth-century literary conventions like a sponge. She invokes muses, mixes pagan and Christian allusions, and favors heroic couplets. Her most frequent rhymes are "rise-skies" and "night-light," which reveals her primary concern with heaven above and, I suspect, an awareness of her servile state and what she styled her "sable race."

Julian D. Mason, Jr., the present editor, concedes wistfully that the poetry is "not exceptional in quality" though "almost as good as any that was published by Americans at that time." Faint praise indeed. But his edition, decked out in full academic regalia, is after all the most recent of many, and the fact remains that Phillis Wheatley has always excited more than her fair share of attention. The reason is obvious. She was the first American Negro literary figure of any consequence whatsoever.

Dr. Johnson's remark to Boswell on the female Quaker preacher explains in part the eighteenth-century response. Phillis Wheatley and that exceptional lady were curiosities "like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." Phillis, however, had added appeal. Not only was she a noble, and feminine, savage and a natural genius, but she was also a shining example of the noble savage improved upon by civilization and Christianity.

In the nineteenth century Phillis Wheatley did good service for the abolition cause. She was revived in the 1920's in the gropings of the Harlem Renaissance for historical dimension, and during the New Deal it was fashionable to name separate-but-equal community centers and YWCAs in her honor. I may be unduly hopeful, but I detect the faint smell of dust and ashes about Mr. Mason's handsome, new definitive edition. Perhaps soon Phillis Wheatley will have served her purpose and can rest undisturbed in her forgotten grave.

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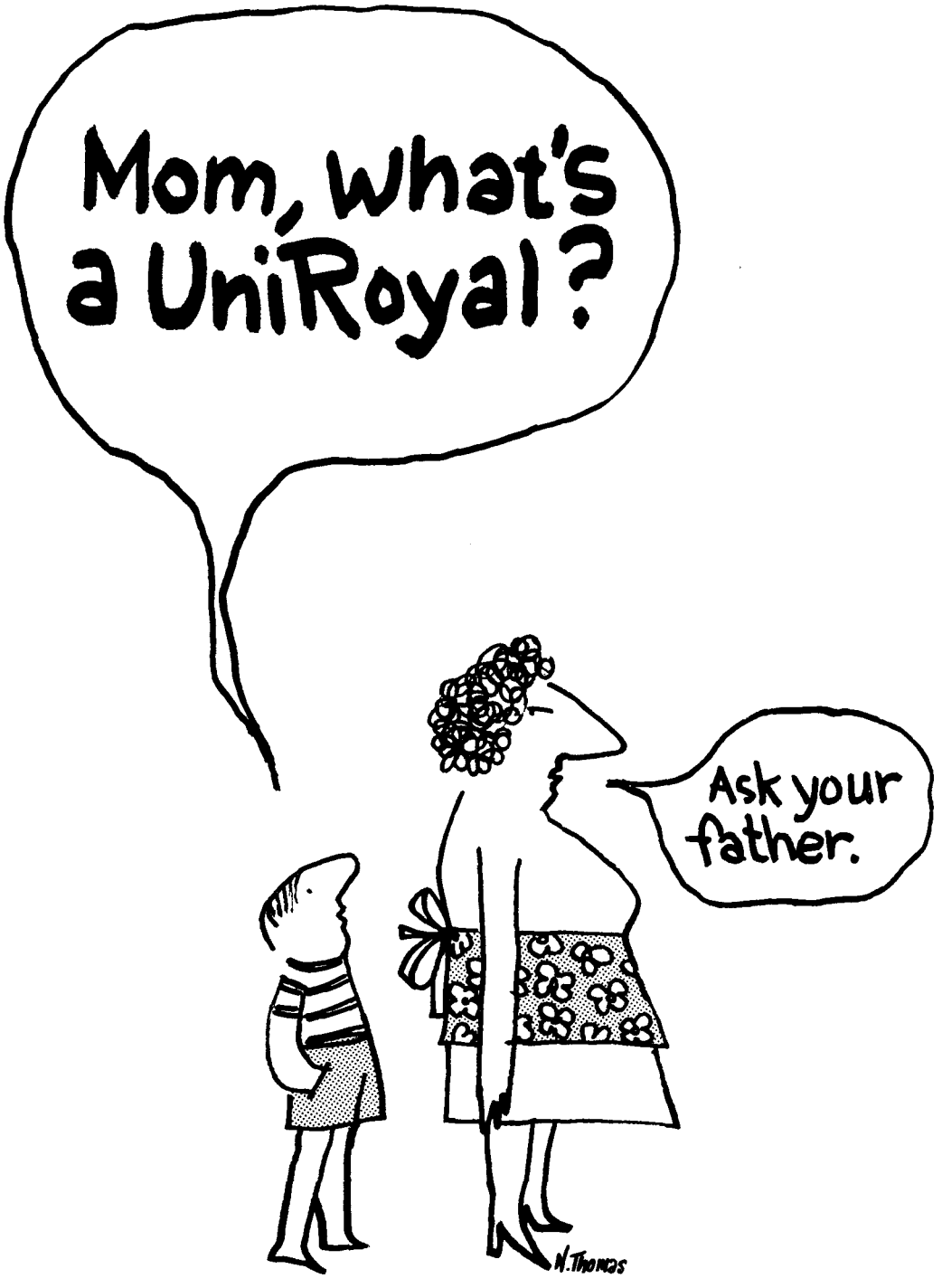

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